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THE DIVINE PARADOX.

BY HUDOR GENONE.

A few years ago nearly all the world was practically agreed that there was an irrepressible conflict between science and religion; but now what a marvellous change has come! Like a little cloud, full of the possibilities of refreshment, there has arisen upon faith's horizon a hope that after all science may be an ally instead of an enemy.

As before it was all conflict, so now it is all reconciliation. Formerly the modern ministers felt bound by virtue of their calling to contend hotly for their opinions, but now they seem only eager to find excuse for liberality. Ministers, priests and laymen, philosophers, scientists, and thinkers of all shades and varieties of thought, are all, like the adventurous followers of Columbus, bound upon voyages in quest of the holy grail of truth—the reconciliation of science and religion.

For those who hold that religion consists of doctrines that are the commandments of men, and for those who do not understand that science is truth not surmised but known, of course every attempt to follow Saint Paul's advice and "prove all things" must be futile. But those who know the truth in their hearts, who have felt the divine influence in their lives, who realize that as God is one so Truth is one —these are they who have come out of great tribulation,

for whom doubt is forever ended, because they know there are not, never have been, never can be, and never will be two kinds of truth. Multitudinous in manifestation, a unit in principle, versatile in variety, eternal in purpose—such is Truth, whose body is Nature and whose soul is God.

There are not two Truths, but there are two ways of approaching truth; and it is because of this fact of the divergent approaches of earnest and honest men that the conflict began, and because of it that reconciliation is now sought. With the infidels, whose world-conception is a negation; with the bigots, to whom faith is synonymous with credulity, and with the so-called agnostics, the true believer has nothing in common. Truth is truth, whether reached by emotion or understanding, heart or brain, taste or test, sentiment or science, revelation or reason.

The two paths at points of widest apparent divergence may be illustrated by the emotion of love—in its purity seemingly independent of intellect—and the logic of a problem's solution, which seems completely destitute of emotion. The philosophy of religion is the science of love; a science that knows, not by reason nor by discarding reason, but because the knowledge has been reached by a path independent of reason. This path is derided by those who have not pursued it. This way is always opposed, not by science, but by pseudo-science.

A certain captain was sent to post the videttes of an army. He assigned the troopers one by one to their stations in a long cordon round the outposts of the camp. At midnight, as was his duty, he went forth on the grand rounds and found one of his sentries, off guard, reclining at the foot of a tree in sound slumber. The captain waked the sleeping sentinel and led him back to headquarters in dire disgrace.

The army was in bivouac for only a night. Early dawn saw a court-martial hastily convened, the sentry arraigned, tried, and condemned to die. The punishment for sleeping on post was death. There was no escape. The general knew

it; the trial officers knew it; the judge advocate (whose duty it was to see plain justice done) knew it; the captain who found the sleeping sentinel knew it; the culprit knew it. All admitted it; none denied it. And yet, when the condemned man came before the file that was equipped for his execution with ball cartridge, he turned savagely upon his captain and said: "I lay my death to you! You are responsible; you are my murderer; for, inasmuch as you were in command at the outpost, you might, had you chosen, refrained from charging me with my fault. You might have wakened me and restored to me my arm and left me, and none save us two would ever have been the worse for it." With these words and imprecations against the captain, the sentinel was led forth, eyes blindfolded and arms bandaged, and the word was given: "Ready! Aim! Fire!"

The fatal error in the sentinel's philosophy is visible in the very telling; but when that same story is differently told, how the crude, misshapen thoughts of semi-scientific moralists spring up like weeds to choke the truth! Justice is a function of the army's fate; but to condone evil in the individual is not merciful. It is a mockery of mercy; for that only is really merciful that is purely just, and in their last analysis justice and mercy are one. If we sleeping, unduteous sentries knew more of justice we would beg less for mercy; if we understood more of science we would prate less of pardon, and even be glad if through our own example the safety of the camp were better secured.

This, then, is man's supreme duty: to "recognize the solidarity of his own fate with the destiny of mankind," for so only shall he feel the "dignity of his divinity"—his divine responsibility. This realization is the end of all progress, the aim of all endeavor. It is the true incarnation—"the Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Only God makes generals; but even God cannot make colonels. The strategist is born, not made; but colonels, captains, corporals, and the file, front and rear, make and

shape themselves, or armies are overthrown and nature baffled in its purpose of advance. Give order in the mass, that genius may find something to use fitly. The young soldier, when beginning to learn the duties of his calling, is always awkward, sometimes indifferent, and generally stupid. He shuffles and shambles, is careless or shy, and if allowed would acquire the drill, tactics, manual of arms, deportment, and all that goes with a military training like a blundering calf. Following his own notions, a raw conscript would develop, even after years of service, into nothing better or more satisfactory than a slack-jointed, lazy, worthless sort of soldier, and so remain to the end of his enlistment. For all loose training there are no veterans.

Now comes the drill sergeant, who takes in hand the recruit. His first command—the first with all teachers in every branch of learning—is, "Attention!" This is what brings the amorphous faculties to a crystal and the eye to a focus; sets the ears hearkening—not to discords, but to rhythm; not to outward things, not to individual thoughts, but at first to the one word and after that the further words of instruction. This attention is not only desirable but necessary; it is the scientist's devotion—the theologian's faith. If the recruit did not believe in the drill-master, he would hardly be fit to follow his guidance. Belief is the beginning of knowledge. Faith and attention are one.

There is a science of crystallography; but does this consist alone in a catalogue of the empiric shapes assumed by various substances? Is not the very power that shapes the solvent Precipitator? Is not this solid-former an existent though inscrutable Power? Has the octahedron a choice that it has eight faces, or the hexagon faith that it prays for six? Is there morality in four or diabolism in a multiplicity of sides or angles? The Power that forms dominates the crystal. The crystal did not cause the Power, but was and is because of it. That Power is the crystal's god.

It is the same with the eye, whose deity is not a larger-

sized eye, but a truly all-seeing Eye. Optics is the god of seeing, and the optician is his prophet. Acoustics is the ear's god. And so of all sense, all perception, and all conception.

Law (so called) is the method of manifestation of the Infinite; and the Infinite is Spirit—Principle. Law is not the translator, or lexicon, or mediator between principle and fact. He who *knows* is the mediator. Rules of conduct may be discussed; evolutionary ethics may be theorized; but the manhood of a true man shivers such arguments to fragments. The person illuminates the principle; the man transcends the means. In the presence of a practical personality, good becomes efficient and God incarnate.

It is this truth that was in the beginning with man, and that has made him deify stick, stone, natural phenomenon, or anything which according to his conception has entyped the perfection of his own feeble motive. It was this that erected the writhing serpent in Egypt; that hewed out and set up the marvellous enigmas of Palenque, Uxmal, and Copan; that turned the spinning prayer-wheels in the East and winked the eyes of Saint Januarius; that brings throngs of idolaters yearly to the shrine of Marie of Lourdes. It was this that made Jesus not only possible but actual, and brought infidelity itself to sue for pardon of the Infinite Intellect, crying: "I, too, believe; I am a pantheist!"

Now, to-day there are some who think (if thought alloyed with indifference, ignorance, or contempt may rightly be considered thought) that they who profess monism and call themselves monists are disciples of pantheism. But the monist is as far from being a pantheist as he is from being a Methodist; further, indeed, for Methodism is not far astray as a living faith, and real as a beautiful fable. As for the other, what is it? A finality? No; it is at best a misconception. As man is in his fingers, God is in the touch of forces. As man is in his limbs, veins, arteries, viscera, bones, muscles, and articulations, God is in the processes we call natural—in the harvest and the hail, the ripe red fruit and

the autumn rain. As man has disease, God has pestilence, earthquake, and famine.

But are you your mechanism? Are you only bone and blood, lime and lymph? Are you only legs to walk, arms to gesticulate, eyes to see, ears to hear, and finger-tips to touch? Are you not more? Truly, yes; vastly more. You are not only the process but the purpose back of the process, howsoever much may lie intermediate and however that purpose may have been formed, even through an infinite number of processes from the Infinite Purpose. It comes from God. He is Principle personified in the universe: as in you is a spark of him egoized, and as in the atom is the promise of him, the upwardness of him (the movement of it Godward) —that is God too.

God is kind to the kind and cruel to the cruel. He is a devil to the devilish, and God only to the godly. Whatever your path may be, he beckons, pulls, or pushes; he is your constant companion. As your material body, whether tending upward or downward, is followed and pressed upon by gravity, so, O man, your soul yields itself, willy nilly, to the dominant Moral of the universe!

There are those who, in utter ignorance of the significance of personality, talk and write about " a personal God." At least I compliment them by saying " in ignorance," for if I said (as perhaps I might) in indifference, that would be uncivil; and if I said that, knowing better, they still talked of a " person," that would be insulting, as in such a case the evidence of hypocrisy would be complete. A person! What is a person? Would they really want their God to be a being such as that word implies? Do they really think (if they do think) that even in their own great sacred book—a volume that I, too, hold sacred—such a being is set forth as God? No, indeed. The early books liken Him to a person. The later discard fully and effectually that idea and the paganism of the ancient past. To be a person is to be more or less the sport of caprice; or to be merely a resultant of forces—a

blind servant of the subconscious law that drives the piston, whirls the wheels, and fits the cogs of existence. Sometimes it is only when a cog snaps that the person wakes to realize that he *is*, and learns what it means to be conscious—what it is to be alive.

Who would not ardently desire that all men be brought into the household of faith and out of the house of bondage to credulity? The first step is to know what it is we ourselves believe. That step I am sure we have already taken; we have marched that far in cadenced step together. The second naturally follows—to understand each other; to use a language not susceptible of misconstruction by ourselves; to reduce our thoughts and facts (considered as fractions) to a common denominator. When we have done this effectually, then shall we be able to disclose all to others. Let us pattern by Nature. Nature does not manufacture; she manifests. Nature does not explain; she exhibits. All reality is founded upon experience. Experience neither creates nor destroys; it proves or disproves.

The third step lies before us. Shall we take it together? I say yes, for the time has come when we must give over our futile contentions concerning terms; when we must advance, not shambling and shuffling out of time, but ever to the cadence of the fife and drum in the great music of nature—realizing that, while the very self of music is not music unless mathematical, it is also not musical unless emotional. Others feel as we feel: let us cause them to know as we know. How? Not by exciting animosity at the very beginning; not by attacks; not by gibes and slurs; not by mockery; not by an assumption of mental superiority. If we know (as we certainly do know) what the word "God" means, do not let us deny that there *is* God; for by so doing we at once estrange and offend our feebler brethren. "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." It is a clear case of milk for babes.

In true philosophy, the question is not the immortality

of the individual soul. It has reference to what we mean by an individual. Define "soul," tell the idea inverbalized in the word "life." I ask myself no longer: Am I immortal? Has the race immortality? But, rather, Into what forms are transmuted the meaning of the I—of the atom and of the race—the molecule of "spirit"? Into what efficient shapes of being shall the spent and worn energies of mankind be changed "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," or through the lapse of long ages; when the

> "Stars are old
> And the sun grows cold;"

when the arctic regions, age by age, encroach, mile after mile, upon the fertile fields; when the temperate becomes frigid, and the tropic temperate; when the zone of warmth and fertility narrows to a band of life that becomes scant and more tenuous with succeeding centuries until, diminished to only a tiny vein among the sheltered nooks along the equator, seed-time and harvest give reluctant sustenance to our expiring race?

It is in vain we dream of great advances in intellect; in vain we picture in imagination stupendous results of the coming man's contrivance—of old forces utilized and nearly perfected by machinery, and new forces discovered and in their turn perfected. It is in vain we conceive of phalansteries domed with lenses concentrating the feeble rays of sunbeams. The sun, long rocking the cradle of the earth back and forth in its orbit, at last, like a weary mother, falls drowsy at the task of love. The light of the luminary's eye grows dim. The purpose of beneficence and affection falters. Nature asserts her power. Inertia (greater than energy) at last demands repose. The solar nerves refuse their former office; the hand relaxes, and the last remnant of mankind waits in a frozen solitude its inevitable dissolution. Then—

> "When the sun grows cold,
> Shall the leaves of the Judgment book unfold?"

Where? When? How?

People are plenty whose idea of the fatherhood of God consists in a mental picture of a benevolent, bearded, elderly personage, seated upon a gilt throne in the midst of clouds, issuing edicts at his own sportive pleasure in much the same fashion that the dames in the ancient amphitheatre signified the choice of life or death. These excellent people believe that God thus decides about annihilation or immortality. It is with God only a question of " thumbs up or thumbs down." The fact is that the materialistic deity has no choice; and, curiously enough, at the other extreme the atom has none. Practically, it is only at the fulcrum of nature—in the spirit of a thinking, conscious, attentive man—that such a thing as choice is known at all.

When life ends, what becomes of the individual life? When the day ends, what becomes of the day? What is the day? Is it an entity, a substance, incorporeal, ideal, to be plucked in some mysterious fashion and cherished apart from other days? Is the day a boat upon Time's ocean, carrying on to Eternity's port the events it holds? No. The day is not a boat: it is a wave; the hours are ripples and the moments fleeting foam. Each in turn heaves up out of the vast deep, peers over the shoulders of its fellows—curious, incredulous, or hopeful—asking, " What island or mainland the sea shall disclose? " Then, wearied with the futile question, it sinks back into the hollow of the cavernous ocean.

While man continues to infatuate himself with the fancy that he is of a different order of being from his environment, just so long will he continue to doubt his fate, to fear fortune, and to be the dupe of the consolations of guesscraft. Life is a trial. We are summoned to the bar of Nature to answer to an indictment framed by our ancestors from the remotest generation. We may not think that we plead, but nevertheless we do. Every act and every thought is a juryman. And yet how few plead guilty! It is always " Not guilty," or else we stand mute and call ourselves agnostics. The crimes of

which man may be guilty are innumerable, and every one punishable by death. It may not be a crime (as we understand the word) to be ninety years old; but Nature's criminal court tries us for it, passes the final, fatal sentence, and remorselessly executes it.

Life is a banquet. But who invited us, and who furnished the viands, none can tell. We partake of the repast; and at its close, Death steps forward and announces: "Sir, your carriage waits." Some guests go reluctantly, confident that they shall never take bite or sup again. And perhaps not—with the same host; but surely, if we are not too surly or indifferent to the usages of good society in the universe, we shall be bidden elsewhere. Some guests go willingly, telling us that the meal they have partaken of shall be reproduced at some last "great day," and an experience not unlike this one festivity, only vastly glorified, shall be theirs in perpetuity. Others go, dogged and silent, not (as they say) knowing what their fate shall be—whether to return to an endless banquet or to go hungry for evermore.

Poor fools all! Poor fools every one—infidels, credulous, and agnostics! Life is indeed a banquet. The viands and the wines, the courses one by one—these are only of avail as they are assimilated into the system. Life is not a set of sensations and experiences: these are the courses of the feast. For the finished repast there is no renewal; for the day that is ended no recurrence; for dead experiences no resurrection. But if we retain the good and reject the evil—hold fast and partake of all nutrients, letting go the fibrin and all that will not or cannot nourish—we shall inevitably build up an immaterial body of character that cannot fail to be good, produce good, and continue good. The day ends finally; but inevitably the events that have been within it go each to its own place, forming a factor in the eternal fact—an atom of time in the universe of eternity. So it is with what we call mortality.

An audience is addressed by an orator. He may be an

indifferent speaker, and yet his subject so interesting that he becomes of necessity entertaining. Why? Because he himself is so infatuated with the verity he represents and expounds that he cannot avoid being lucid. Some may say that any one of the audience may at will get up and leave the lecture-room at any moment of the discourse. But is this so, ordinarily? Is it not a fact that no one *could* go, unless summoned from without by an overpowering influence—as a call of duty, a dying relative, or (in another shape) his own sudden illness? The call must be strong enough to down the temptation to remain for pleasure. It is as mathematical as an equation—as mechanical as a balance.

Assuming that none were impelled to leave by any such compulsion, what then? Manifestly that our friend the orator is the one in whom we must look (if anywhere) for freedom. But is he free? Can he, of his own choice, be so dull as to make some first yawn and then leave? No one is ever that. If he is a sage, it is because the elements of sagacity were mingled in him by the flood of former years. If he is a fool, it is because of the inheritance either of folly, the capacity to evolve it, or the incapacity to overcome it. And yet, in spite of all these facts—quite self-evident to him who thinks along the lines of logic—each for himself and not for another, in moments of complete self-possession, recognizes beyond question the certainty of a will-power either to act or to refrain from action: a freedom felt, but not by any force of subtle science explainable. Mathematically he cannot do what certainly he can do.

What is spirit? In the case of the day it is the effect of the events and the place they have in the year, that in the century, that again in the age, and these in that larger time whose boundaries are beyond the scope of thought. The spirit of the trial is in the verdict, and the spirit of a life is that resultant character consequent upon the two components—motive and action. As the spirit of time spent in the body is evolved from physical conditions, so the spirit of the

condition of " soul " is evolved from mental states. As electricity lies latent in fuel, so life is found in " matter," as a " promise and potency." But as the hard, unanswering coal requires as a condition of conversion into electric force the intervention of the organizing and disorganizing fire, so the soul demands the agency of mentality to produce its higher and nobler activity. Soul is of a different order from " mind," as mind is of a different order from " matter."

Wholly to drop the dualistic conception, and to see clearly the triune, calls into being at once a vista explaining, solidifying, and certifying truth, and enabling the seer to say of himself, " O King, live forever! "

THE SPHINX AND "BEING."

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

In more than one sense the words are true that vox populi is vox dei. Instinctively man expresses universal truths that he cannot explain nor fully understand. How can we account for the justice of the remark that an enigmatical and mysterious person, whose character, words, or acts are hard to interpret and to comprehend, is a "Sphinx" because his expressions may mean everything and anything? Such a person might be called something else; a name for him might be drawn from almost any form in Nature. The night, the moon, the ocean—all are mysterious, and their names might as well be used; but we do not use them, and if we do, it is done with a lengthy circumscription. We prefer the word "Sphinx," because there is something intensely personal in it; it gives us a sense of family likeness. The Sphinx belongs, somehow, to the plane of our earth life, which is enlarged and deepened by it. We are almost enthralled by the far-away look of the Sphinx—by its "comeliness, not of this world"; and yet—it is a beast.

I am speaking now of the Great Sphinx, the *androsphinx*, at Gizeh, known for the "expression of sovereign strength and greatness. The eyes gaze out afar with a look of intense and profound thoughtfulness; the mouth still wears a smile; the whole countenance is informed with power and repose." * It is older than the Great Pyramid, and Maspero thinks we may ascribe it to generations before Mena. Well may we say that this Sphinx is the oldest religious

* G. Maspero: "Manual of Egyptian Archæology," tr. by Amelia B. Edwards. London, 1895.

monument in the world. If this is so, it stands as an eloquent speaker among us, proclaiming the universal ideas of primitive ages, which had a living conception of Being and were not, like the present generation, lost in material pursuits. The Sphinx stands as a representative of an age whose ear could catch the sounds that came across the abyss of existence; could understand by immediate perception the colors of vibration, which indicated the nature of the Divine influx, and could build the soul's temple out of the ethereal forms that filled the air. It was an age when the faculty of internally feeling the essence of life was common property; when men were carried into Being by the " dance of life," and the divine drama ended naturally by absorption into the Divine.

Such was man's real life. His external existence, however, was passed in chaos, an existence which the imagery of Berosus, the old Chaldean, may help us to comprehend. Everything was darkness and confusion; in the great ocean lived creatures of enormous size that were, like the Sphinx, half human and half beast. Men had wings and many heads, like the Hindu gods, and more than two kinds of sex; some had rams' heads, and others the head and legs of a horse; oxen had human heads, and dogs had fish tails. In the old temple of Bel were many pictures of such mixed beings, the memory of which tradition has preserved. The Sphinx is such a Bel—a double-sexed deity, sensual to the uttermost and reckless in the pursuit of self-satisfaction. The Sphinx stands on the confines of two worlds and is double throughout.

In the Egyptian hieroglyphics the Sphinx bears the name of Neb (Lord) and Akar (Intelligence), which, Clemens says, mean Intellect and Force. I shall not be surprised if it be proved that, for the same reason, the Arabs call the Sphinx " father of terror." The word comes from the Coptic and signifies a person who carries his heart, or intelligence, in his eyes; who, in other words, is " the watchful." Those that

have visited the Sphinx, especially at full moon, will understand this. No silence can be deeper and no terror strikes the human heart with more force or greater sadness than the desolation of the desert; there one realizes the vanity of things so overwhelmingly that the heart sickens. Only the pyramids and the Sphinx have survived the wreck of the human life once prevalent in those regions. Mysteries themselves, they look wondering upon "a mad world," and that enormous head seems to call men to their senses—to the realization that Being is the only reality.

The word "Sphinx" is Greek, and is said to come from a verb meaning "to draw tight." Indeed, the night-feeling in the desert about the Sphinx draws the cords tightly around the human heart. The Sphinx is therefore called also the Squeezer, or Strangler. Its overwhelming influence is akin to that which comes to us when we look back over the road of history and stand aghast at the "martyrdom of man," seeing that Being alone remains and stands mute, offering us, like the Sphinx, only a smile, but not of this earth; yet a smile that is dreadfully passionate and sarcastic. Do not these two words express the life of ancient Egypt? Passionate and sarcastic—I combine them in one thought and say *demonic*. The Sphinx is demonic.*

Let the Sphinx stand for a supernatural intelligence, good or bad; an emblem of a subtle or intellectual power; or let us ascribe to it a supernatural influence—in whatever way regarded, the word *daimon* (god, or ghost) will prove the true key to its mystery. A visit to the Sphinx can give no other solution of that wonder. It is the god in disguise, "the One in whose presence the earth and the heavens are but as a morning cloud"—Being. The Sphinx is only the god in disguise: the Becoming, not Being. "Ra," the sun, is Being, and the Sphinx "uprears its head in the west in order to be the first to catch sight of his father, Ra, the

* The reader must not understand this word to mean anything "evil," as that word is commonly understood.

rising sun, across the valley." The Becoming is the child and transformation of Being.

The Sphinx at Gizeh is a god, and is called "hu," an emblem of Hor-em-akhu, Hamarchus, "Horns of the horizon." Brugsch-Bey, in speaking of the god Hamarchus, says: "The great bearded Sphinx of the pyramids of Gizeh is its symbol." Renan, in speaking about the Sphinx-temple, asks himself to whom it was dedicated, and answers: "Without doubt to the Sphinx, or, rather, to the divinity represented by the Sphinx, Horem-hou, or Armachis." Renan also thinks that "this great 'hu,' or Sphinx, appears thus to be the most ancient ideal in the world." This Sphinx-temple is itself a most complete and wonderful type of Being. The archæologists have not yet seen the meaning of its simplicity because they are not metaphysicians. It is rectilinear; it has no inscriptions, no symbols, and no ornaments. Its very simplicity is a symbol of Being, which in its universality cannot be defined by inscriptions nor expressed by ornamental design. The square expresses fundamentals as well as does the circle. A square man is as good as an "all-around" one. The circle and number One express self-centredness; the square and number Two (including its duplication, Four) express self-duplication. The Pythagoreans rightly called the tetrad (4) "the greatest miracle," for it expresses "the temple," which is Man, Being's living manifestation.* The Sphinx-temple and the Sphinx were both sculptured by a people that lived in Unity, in Wholeness, in Being. By the simple Square they expressed Being under the form of the Man-Temple, the Temple-Man, the Solar-Hero, or the ideal man.

It is more than probable, as Cooper said, that the Sphinx worship is but a variety of solar-worship, and intimately connected with king-worship. It is in this aspect of solar-worship, as an emblem of the Solar-Hero, that the Sphinx has

* See my article, "'Being' and Number," in The Metaphysical Magazine for June, 1896.

a special interest to us. Horus is the "unbegotten god," and yet "the mystic child" of Ra* (Being, as creator); and as a solar-hero he is a most remarkable and interesting manifestation of Being, for he is a clear personification of our own ideal man. If we believe Plutarch—who thought that the Egyptians did not know the meaning of the Sphinx, except that it stood for a divine mystery—and Clemens Alexandrinus, who said that the intention of the Sphinx was "to declare that the doctrine concerning God is enigmatical," a study of the Sphinx may lead us directly to a conception of Being. In our investigation we may also notice the old story that comes from the Greeks—that the Sphinx typifies the attractiveness of vice in the smiling female face and the vengeance that follows a pursuit of it. There is, however, this objection to the story—that excavations have proved the great Sphinx to be masculine. Only one female Sphinx is known. It represents the female Horus.

Horus, or (which is the same) the emblematic Sphinx, is, as already said, a personification of our own ideal man. Like him, we turn to Ra (Being) for the life of the rising sun. Like Horus, we have both a celestial and a mundane history; the latter is the personal and ephemeral, while the former is the real and everlasting. Our earthly life is similar to that of one side of Horus, and is, like him, to be called "feeble-footed"—from the Harpocrates side of his character, being feeble and untimely of birth. Our divine life is equal to "Horus, the Powerful," the beloved of Ra, the subjugator of the world. This life in its birth is one of the greatest mysteries of religion and philosophy; it is the "unbegotten god." "As Horus-Ra, his first and most abstruse character, Horus is identified with the Supreme Being itself." Is not our regenerate life, expressed in biblical language, the same —Christ, Lord? All mystics say so. The Hindu points to himself, when asked where God is, and says: "Here you

* Concerning Ra, see my article, "Mythology and 'Being'," in The Metaphysical Magazine for November, 1895.

see God." Bustamy declared: "I am the sea that is bottomless and shoreless." When asked if he were God, by a Mohammedan who was not a Sufi, Bustamy answered: "I am Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and all the archangels; because whatsoever has attained unto the true essence is absorbed in God, and therefore is God." Very similar language is used by the German mystics of the Middle Ages.

Horus-Sneb is the Redeemer, the Lord of Life, and the Eternal One. Is not "the soul in union with God" the savior? Like Horus, the soul is the hero of battle and known by lion emblems. It throws to the ground the serpent-nature of our propensities, and stands triumphantly upon it, as Horus, with the trophies of victory in the hand, stands upon the Typhonic hippopotamus. As Horus-Generator, Horus represents the resurrection, or the new birth of the soul, which again is represented by the rising sun. From another point of view he is himself "the risen savior." In this sense he also represents the new-born soul—the soul rising out of materiality into spiritual life. The most emphatic sign of the identity of Horus and the soul is their similarity in virtue. Neither of them has any amours. They only come into the lower world as judges, to pursue evil doers. But, though terrible in executive justice, they are kind. Horus in this aspect is represented as a lion with a virgin's face. Is not the soul as gentle and personally unwilling to slay as that virgin so beautifully depicted in Edwin Arnold's poem, "The Birth of Death"?

The following hymn is to Horus, but might as well be addressed to the soul in its celestial aspect; for it expresses Being as centred in both: "By him the world is judged in that which it contains. Heaven and earth are under his immediate presence. He rules all human beings. The sun goes round according to his purpose. He brings forth abundance, and dispenses it to all the earth. Every one adores his beauty. Sweet is his love in us." In other words, he is that Principle in whom "all things" stand together. (See

Col. i. 17.) Of the many love-terms that might be chosen with which to define that Principle, I will use "Sympathy." What is sympathy but that active principle which binds all the worlds together and which cements all their parts? In sympathy they find their affinity. Sympathy is a perfect and delicate appreciation of us and an adjustment to the vibration of each detail and condition of life; it partakes of all our life-experiences, be they good, bad, or indifferent. Sympathy must be something very practical, for the existence that calls for it is merged in life; and life is dreadfully practical. Sympathy gives largely, but also receives largely. Therefore, it is not one-sided. The giver is the receiver; the receiver is the giver. It is therefore perfect balance. Some have thought that such an ideal is beyond human realization; but it is not. Sympathy is progressive, and reaches through eternity. It means sameness of disposition, and is a bottomless well of satisfaction. Transcribe the above hymn into such a definition of sympathy, and you have the nature of Being as manifested in the soul, in Horus, and in the Sphinx.

There is another aspect of that Principle (Being) which appears in the Sphinx—itself a god and the emblem of Horus and of the soul as well. I refer to its majestic muteness. Sovereign strength and greatness, not unlike the Stoic ataraxia, are the main characteristics of that colossal head. It rises above the sand of the desert, the quicksand of the phenomenal world, like the soul above the cloudland of emotions and imaginations. Wonderfully blended with power, there is also in that face a mocking smile—not of scorn, not of derision, not of contempt, but of eloquent mimicry, which tells us to beware lest we misunderstand the Sphinx and thereby Horus. Even the shifting sands have some permanence, for they remain, though their appearance and shape are ever varying. The clouds assume definite formations and obey certain laws. The Sphinx itself has a relative permanence, built as it is out of solid rock, which has stood so long that men almost forget that its end must come. But

the Becoming has no such permanence; it has not even Beginning, nor End; it has Now, but that Now is (like Horus) always in generation, and continuing, through endless mutations, ever young. If that is the character of the Becoming, the child of Ra (Being), what shall we say of Being? Horus was begotten—so the Greeks say—by Isis and Osiris, when they were in the bosom of their mother. Who was their mother? The Unknown. No wonder, then, that Horus is one of the earliest divinities of Egypt. It is interesting to note that Horus was a deity of the people, and that conception carries us to a period beyond the rise of priestcraft, back to those primitive ages to which I have so often referred. All this we see in the Sphinx. Well did Dean Stanley say that the Sphinx was " the best welcome and the best farewell to the history and religion of Egypt."

In looking upon the face of the great Sphinx, it seems to me, we can see, as it were, a soul for the first time coming into earthly existence. We observe a human head looking out from an animal body, apparently emerging from a primeval deep—a blind form of the Great All. It is still half below the ground; it has not reached full freedom. The countenance bears the sedate and placid character of the immovable world, left so recently; it is rounded into an expression of restfulness and content—characteristics to be found only in Being. The eyes look with an intensity of deep thought as if they still remembered the vision of the universal spheres, their original home. Around the lips plays a smile that harmonizes well with the wide and fully opened eyes. Does the soul of the Sphinx smile as a greeting to us, or does it wonder at the restlessness of the Indo-European? In this presence we feel Being: " thy form, stupendous, here the gods have placed."

Nowhere in history, philosophy, or religion, do we find anything so directly and so personally impressing us with the idea of Being as the great Sphinx, which has mounted guard over these wastes since the time of Horus. The per-

fect silence and solitude of the desert, and this mute witness to the ruin of empires and the general vanity of things, proclaim the interminable monotony of Being—so overwhelming to the faint heart and untrue mind, but so rich and fruitful to the soul that has been regenerated and lives the universal life. The great Sphinx, then, is really not a riddle, but a solution. It is an affirmation. Doubt did not chisel it. It is truly a "binder," a link connecting this world with that yonder, just as soul binds matter and spirit—two poles of Being. It is on account of this manifoldness that the Sphinx seems at once a riddle and a contradiction.

Not only can we read our own history as Solar-heroes in Horus and his emblem, the Sphinx, as said above; and not only does it typify for us the face of a full-grown soul, which we imagine for the first time to be entering upon earth-life; but we may see in the Sphinx much of our own lower or even lowest nature. The general idea of the "demonic" is expressed by the Sphinx too strongly to be denied. But what is the nature of that demonic genius? It is not bad, or evil. It is akin to the giants of the various mythologies, to the nature-spirits of Jacob Boehme, and to "the mothers" of Goethe's "Faust;" it is therefore also akin to the wild and ungovernable in man, and to the voluptuous and ferocious in woman.

"Ernst ist das Leben" (life is earnest), said that man of insight, Schiller. Carlyle's instinct quickly saw the correctness of this phrase as a motto for his "Past and Present," in which is printed his essay on "The Sphinx." Carlyle's view of the Sphinx is the Greek one, and expresses admirably that which I want to say on this other side of the Sphinx-character. Carlyle wrote:

"How true is that old fable of the Sphinx, who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passengers, whom, if they could not answer, she destroyed! Such a Sphinx is this Life of ours—to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the Sphinx, is of womanly, celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and

the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial beauty, which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, a fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned; one still half-imprisoned—the articular, lovely, still encased in the inarticulate, chaotic! How true! And does she not propound her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with terrible significance: 'Knowest thou the meaning of this Day? What thou canst do to-day, wisely attempt to do.' Nature, Universe, Destiny, Existence, howsoever we name this grand unnameable Fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave to them who can discern her behests and do them: a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself; the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws. Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring. Thou art not now her victorious bridegroom; thou art her mangled victim, scattered on the precipices, as a slave found treacherous, or recreant, ought to be and must."

We all know that Carlyle cannot be accused of gyneolatry, and many of us suspect that this picture of woman is false. But Carlyle has given a correct definition of one side of the female character, and has well defined one side of Nature. I only wish that he had given us, in this connection, as forcible a delineation of a corresponding side of the masculine character. Who has not faced the ferocity of one side of the female heart and mind? He that has not faced it knows not yet what life is, nor what Being hides in the abysmal recesses. He that has not tried to fill that bottomless chasm, the feminine soul, has not experienced the hopelessness that comes over him that has tried it. No matter how much or how often you sacrifice upon that altar, nothing comes back —no returning life, no response of word; everything seems lost. Nature is omnivorous and voracious in her female manifestation. Like the Sphinx, she demands your life and takes it. As Nature has another side, so the Sphinx has another character. The female, ferocious one was seen in Greece, and became the subject of fable and legend. The masculine, reckless side of nature and of the emblem, Sphinx, was seen and understood in Egypt.

An animal in rage is certainly wild and ungovernable.

We have seen the lion and the elephant, but our fancy fails to comprehend their power when at large; yet, terrible as they are, they are not comparable to the rage of a man. As a superior being, man is capable of putting his force and intelligence in the service of Hades, and nothing can stand against his persistency. Utterly without mercy, he can throw an infant into the jaws of death; regardless of sacred ties, he can violate his own mother and bid defiance to the Almighty.

In our day, in these forms of character, the man and the woman represent the early chaos that was once the external existence; the ungoverned; want of order; ferment; vortex and disturbance—states of Being, to be sure, but states far below those moral and spiritual forms of Being we are now looking for. This side, therefore, of the Sphinx and human life comprises states of Being—now overcome or reduced to order—which serve only to show what development is. But the other (far-away) look described above is eternal, and for our example.

WHAT SURVIVES IN MAN?

BY A. L. MEARKLE.

The mind gladly accepts any explanation of things that puts one cause in place of two; therefore, the explanation of mind itself as sprung from matter has been received as valid, although this involved parting with cherished beliefs. Matter we know; force we know. Mind, so far as explored by physical science, appears to be an effect of force and matter. What, then, becomes of the superiority of mind over matter? What becomes of the immortality of the soul?

"To assume mind prior to matter would be to place the effect before the cause. Matter would still be required to account for mind, since, before there was any matter to move, there could be no motion and no mind." Such is the conclusion of the lay intelligence from scientific premises. Again, we are told that mind is historically a product of evolution. At its origin the human intellect does not show qualities differing from those of the lower animals; it does not look divine or eternal. It began as near as possible to zero, developed by contact with the objective world under the operation of natural law into a wonderful mechanism, but never left the domain of natural causation and never became independent of the material organism. Mind, i.e., the mind known to physical science, is both physiologically and historically an effect. Its cause is said to be outside of itself, and, as all that is not mind is matter, its cause is matter. As an effect, when its cause ceases to operate it must cease to exist. If any part of the mind, then, is not dependent on matter and can survive matter, it must have a cause outside of matter: that is, in mind; so becoming a self-existent

thing—its own cause. An immortal soul, if there be one, is such a part; but the existence of such a part implies a cause outside of matter—Mind; but of course not the mind that is an effect of matter (to keep up the fictitious analysis). It must have another cause—an immortal mind, not an effect of but independent of matter, and hence a quite different thing from the mind known to science.

Belief in the immortality of the soul, then, instead of flatly contradicting the conclusion of physical science and physiological psychology—that the mind cannot survive the body—is really belief in the existence of something which is neither mind nor matter, but transcends both. The problem is not to prove that a mode of motion can go on independently of its cause, or that mind can survive matter, but that there is in man an eternal spirit with which matter has nothing to do. A stream does not rise higher than its source; but the soul is another stream and has another Source.

Nine-tenths of the believers in immortality, if asked what survives the body, would not be able to give a better definition than that it is "the mind; consciousness; that which renders man superior to animals; the moral nature." But these cannot be immortal if the mind is a function of the brain, and consciousness and all the rest successive products of evolution. The fact that they are immaterial does not prove them immortal; rather, the contrary, for matter itself is indestructible, while mind and its products seem the sport of death and decay.

The trouble with our belief and the reason that it is so easily silenced are that we do not recognize any difference between mind and soul; we do not know what the immortal part of us is or wherein lies its title to immortality. The absence from Christian doctrines of any such psychology as forms the basis of Oriental religions has left us in this dilemma: we must flatly contradict the inference from science that consciousness is extinguished with the material organism to which it belongs, or else try to satisfy ourselves with

the hope that philosophy now holds out—of the persistence of a life-principle without personality or external consciousness. Most men believe in a future life; even if the intellect denies, the heart believes. They would like to find some evidence that would convince the intellect, but they cannot, because what they are looking for does not exist. Consciousness cannot penetrate the future, and death does not give up its prey. The mind has nothing to offer against the still unthinkable presumption of its own mortality. There has in fact never been any incontrovertible evidence that the consciousness known to normal life survives the body. If there is an immortal part, it is not that.

Now, the question is, When immortality is denied to the man known to physiological psychology, is it denied to the whole man? Are the "mind" of science and the "soul" of immemorial religious thought one and the same? Does science—the biological science that has demolished our ground of faith by showing that consciousness is dependent on the physical organism—explore the whole man? If soul is different from mind, in probing the latter for an eternal element science has been on a wrong tack; and the fact that the mind was unable to disclose one does not prove anything. Consciousness has given up to science most of its secrets; but it has not divulged the vital secret of all—the link between us and eternity. If this link were merely a biological one, it could not be so deeply buried in man's nature that science would not have discovered it.

Le Conte found in the spiritual a fourth plane—above the animal, as that is above the vegetable and the vegetable above the mineral—and taught that man has reached this plane by evolution in obedience to a law inherent in matter. This view, however, seems to involve belief in some sort of "atomic soul," and of that there is no such evidence as science demands. Failing that, if we find an eternal, spiritual nature associated with the earthly, physical, and intellectual nature of man, which science pronounces the product of or-

ganic evolution, we must seek its cause outside the pale of physical science; for nothing can appear in the effect which was not present in the cause.

Men know from experience that the senses are not to be trusted, and constantly call upon reason to correct the reports of the sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell as to things in the external world. Normal consciousness is based on the senses and is not less fallible than they. If it does not admit its limitations it must be corrected by reason. It does not even know itself—does not know what it is, whether a self-existent thing or a mere property of matter; it cannot tell whence it is, when it began, or whether it will ever end. These are not the only points as to which science interrogates consciousness in vain. Our self-knowledge is incomplete. There is within us something which, unless it be ignored, must be recognized as transcending normal consciousness and the scope of the senses. The phenomena of double consciousness, somnambulism, and dreams indicate a department of man's nature unknown to ordinary day-time experience. Let this terra incognita be thoroughly explored before "finis" is written on our psychologies.

It may seem irrational to assert that this unknown subconscious (or superconscious) part of man is in fact nothing less than the eternal element which science has failed to find anywhere in the conscious region; but if there is anywhere an objective fact corresponding to our subjective intimations of immortality—if, in a word, there is such a thing as a soul—there should be somewhere objective evidence of such a fact. At any rate, that is what we have always been looking for. And what religious dogma did not profess to furnish; what materialistic science and quasi-scientific psychology gave up as a mere dream; what spiritualism, the protest of man's intuition against the doctrine of annihilation, has not been able to make credible—evidence of the actual existence of an immortal soul—seems to be attainable now that scientific methods are applied to psychic phenomena. But in order to

avoid arbitrarily identifying the "soul" of religious aspiration with this Great Unknown, which French medical science, German mysticism, and the English Psychical Research Society are studying, it is better that the Unknown should be specified—as by Du Prel, in his profound work, "The Philosophy of Mysticism," to designate precisely that part of man which (he holds) does survive the body—the "transcendental ego." *

But I have no doubt that, when these thinkers shall have fully explored the transcendental ego, they will have proved the existence and the immortality of the soul. Then, instead of a vague, impersonal persistence as part of the life-principle, we shall be entitled to believe in an actual, conscious, personal immortality; for the transcendental ego is as real and individual as anything in the universe. Instead of immortality being an attribute of the whole (vaguely defined) "immaterial" man, the immortal part is itself a principle of our being, an integral element—indeed, the ultimate element. This element, if immortal, is not the same thing as mind or consciousness. To be immortal it must transcend normal consciousness, which is dependent on the physical organism; therefore, if normal consciousness gives no evidence of its actual existence, that is no proof that it does not exist. Again, to be immortal it must be independent of matter. The material world is forever under the sway of natural law. If the transcendental ego, in its manifestations, seems to disregard natural laws, it is no "reductio ad absurdum" of the spiritual theory; it is evidence rather that we have in very deed come upon the something eternal, or noumenal, in the midst of the objective and transitory through which it manifests itself and in connection with which it has been developed.

Psychology, until it became the adopted child and heir

* The epithet "transcendental"—a word of fear, unpleasing to the normal ear—merely defines the relation of this part of the ego to ordinary sense-consciousness. It does not remove it from the scope of possible knowledge.

of natural science, always leaned to the belief that the individual soul has a supramundane origin—is an off-shoot of divinity; is more or less independent of the body; is the organizing principle of physical life. Science has accounted materialistically for mind, but has ignored those standing mysteries of which the old theory of soul gave an explanation. So far as it goes, science is quite right—mind is the product of evolution. But, if mind and soul are not the same thing, we can give evolution all its due, admit that all man's conscious powers are dependent upon the material organism (and therefore mortal), and yet reject materialism and believe in the immortality of the soul. Now, if the soul were merely co-extensive with normal consciousness, it could not be independent of the body, because consciousness is dependent on the organic basis. If identical with the mind as known to science, it could be explored without transcending the scope of natural knowledge; and there is no evidence that anything in nature is capable of existing independently of a material organism. Hence, if any part of the human being survives the body, it must be the part not known to the normal mind and the consciousness based on the senses—in a word, the transcendental. Of this we shall treat in the succeeding number.

THE END, OR GOOD.

BY JOSEPHUS C. LIPES, B.S.

The most general acceptation of the word "good" is that which all seek; but it is said that that which all seek is pleasure, whether it tends to morality or immorality. According to Plato, there is no pleasure without a certain admixture of intelligence; for without intelligence there could be no memory or foresight, and hence no past or future pleasure. The philosopher distinguishes between true and false pleasures—mixed and pure.

John Stuart Mill reforms the utilitarian philosophy, which considers only quantity, by introducing the principle of quality into the estimation of pleasures. But two pleasures can differ only in quantity; and, since the quality of pleasure cannot be derived from the indulgence itself, but from the different causes which produce it, it follows that *good* must be that noble or refined element (emanating from quality) which places certain favored pleasures above all others.

The partisans of utilitarian pleasure maintain moral subjectivity. Kant teaches moral formalism, making morality consist exclusively of the form, not the matter, of the action —obedience to law through respect for law. But his theory borders upon an abstract formalism, which does not furnish a basis sufficiently firm for a moral science. He says an action is good because it is obligatory—arriving at this conclusion by maintaining that there is nothing absolutely good but a good will, i.e., the will to act for the sake of duty. Kant calls this motive its form, and the object of the action its matter. The key to his theory is that no intellectual objects can act upon our wills without first acting upon our feelings,

thus making the sole legitimate root of morality spring from the idea of law.

There are two kinds of good—natural and moral. An action is morally good when performed from a sense of duty, not from any selfish motive; it is the good use of natural goods. Natural goods are those anterior to the law of duty, being good in themselves, as kindness, moderation, modesty, sincerity, etc. Natural qualities are good, irrespective of the use that is made of them. On the other hand, a good will, considered in reference to the use made of it, is not always absolutely and unrestrictedly good. Kant's morality leads to an arbitrary law, which imposes itself upon the will regardless of reason. The German philosopher attempts to correct this absurdity by asserting, as a fundamental reason for the law of duty, the inviolability of the moral personality—" humanity as an end unto itself."

The moral value of an action depends upon the intention from which it results; hence, it is the will alone that is good or bad—good, on condition of obedience to the law of duty. But if the will should seek no other aim than the law, it cannot be employed as a means to an end; it is itself an end. Thus the subject of the action becomes its object. Will, or the power to act according to reason, which is the subject of the law, is not identical with the reasonable will, which is its object.

The utilitarians, in introducing the quality of pleasure, admit the superiority of certain faculties over others, or the dignity of human nature, which is really the same as Kant's " humanity as an end unto itself." These schools, in completing their formula, introduce the two principles, which in reality are one—the true principle of moral science, defined as the identity of perfection and happiness. Perfection is the character by which we recognize one thing as being better than another. It includes not only the idea of activity, but also those of order, harmony, and regular and proportionate relations.

The three stages in the scale of the soul's perfection are: (1) senses and passions; (2) affections and the higher attributes; and (3) thought and liberty, which constitute the moral personality. A person who reconciles diversity with unity augments the richness of his nature, at the same time subordinating it to that unity of direction which resides in thought.

Mind appears to be the most perfect thing in existence, because we suppose it to be gifted with a spontaneous activity which matter does not possess, and because we find therein the reason for the order which matter displays. Happiness is the joy that results from the possession of perfection. Good, then, must be composed of perfection and happiness. This is the point or harmony between theories of interest and those of duty. One cannot act with a view to an interest that is foreign to him.

We need a law that shall enjoin upon us our own good in spite of ourselves; and this law is imposed upon our feelings by our reason. This absolute element is the essence of humanity. It leads to a sort of rational "endamonism," since it makes happiness the highest good—not taking individual feeling for a criterion, but basing happiness upon the true nature of man, which can be recognized only by reason. The most perfect happiness is found in the highest perfection—the latter, in its turn, being found in the most exalted act of human nature, reconciling with one another the principles of Aristotle, Wolf, Kant, and Fichte, respectively.

For each man there is a good within himself, anterior to the common good; but by degrees there is formed within the human mind the scale of the good of others, which is merely an extension and generalization of individual good. Our reason can gradually free the idea of good from everything personal and subjective, and pass from our own good to the idea of human good in general; then to the good of the universe as a whole, and finally to Good itself—or God. True human perfection consists in forgetting one's self in

consideration for others. The good of another is my own good.

Humanity participates in the Absolute, but it is not the Absolute. Wollaston maintains the identity of the true and the good. Truth and good may each be understood in two ways—objectively and subjectively. Objectively, truth is Being itself; subjectively, it is conformity of the thought to its object. Objective good is the character; subjective good is conformity of the will to the law imposed by character. Truth in general comprises all kinds of objective relations; good concerns only relations of perfection. The true may and may not be good. Mathematics and logic contain truths; yet they cannot formulate a moral science.

Grecian philosophy makes the good and the beautiful identical; but it is plain that there is a certain point of view from which they may be distinguished. Good brings moral responsibility; the beautiful does not. In the beautiful, the sensuous element is primordial; in the good, it is secondary. The former is personal and exterior, while the latter is impersonal and interior. In the beautiful, the idea is the matter and the sensuous the form; in the good, the conception is reversed.

We have seen that moral science is not an industry, but an art, which distinguishes pleasures by both quantity and quality, thus transcending pleasure to the idea of Good itself. From the stand-point of physical laws, one phenomenon is worth as much as any other. But the true object of morality is to establish principles, through analysis of the metaphysical ideas that form its basis—reality, perfection, activity, absolute, end, etc. Morality, then, assumes, besides the physical order, a metaphysical one, leading to the Absolute Good by the conception of an ideal humanity.

Absolute Being is perfection itself. Moral perfection consists of successive steps (in the scale of human nature) toward the universal and sovereign Perfection. The higher up this scale we go, the more complete the idea of Being becomes, and the greater the degree of happiness reached.

AFFINITY OF SOULS.

BY MARIE LAHRMANN BIRD.

The fundamental, uncreated principle of Being is dual in its nature. Man—the idea, image, or likeness (which likeness consists in the soul qualities and attributes of the divine principle)—is a perfect reflection of the Divine Mind. In his essence, his essentials and potentialities, he partakes of all of God's attributes: being eternal, omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent. Consequently, man's real being must express the duality of the creative principle, for man is simply God expressed.

What grounds have we for making this assertion? In the objective (or effect) plane of man's being, we see the embodiment of the two principles—or, better, two sides of one principle—male and female. These must have their equivalents in the subjective (or cause) plane. Now, every human being is conscious of a desire for that true union that is not subject to time and change and can completely satisfy his whole being. If man is like unto the Principle of being, then this innate desire must also be in the Principle of being. But one cannot in reality speak of the Principle of being as having a desire, for desire and fulfilment are one and the same in Being. Principle is not dependent upon anything outside itself.

So, too, man is sufficient unto himself. With him, desire and fulfilment are also one; but man apparently lost this consciousness when the soul became cognizant of self, time, space, and limitation—in other words, sensuous thought. The ego, having been identified with matter, forgets its purity and divinity, and these it must regain before it can become

satisfied. In reality the soul knows no self; but in this dream-life, this consciousness of matter and its environments, this transient existence that is like a flower that passeth away in a day, the sense-mind has closed the door to the soul and its possibilities—ignorant of its powers, its capabilities, and its Source. Because of its incapacity to comprehend spiritual truth, this sense-mind cannot by any possibility become cognizant of the law of the Absolute.

Now, it is impossible to regain consciousness of one's counterpart through the attraction of the physical, which is based on sex, unless there was consciousness of sex in the spiritual union of the soul in the beginning. That this is a manifest impossibility none will deny. "They neither marry, nor are given in marriage; but are as the angels which are in heaven." Nothing can be reunited on the sense-plane of existence that was originally united on the spiritual plane. "What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." The torch of truth in the hand of spirit reveals that that which has been eternally united cannot be put asunder by any law of man. One might as well attempt to reverse the motion of the earth in its orbit, or to erase the Pleiades from the face of the sky; for there is a power that compels us to our own without our volition, and this power is mutual and eternal.

Camille Flammarion, in describing an ideal social state, speaks of this principle as the inviolable law of affinity. In the soul mind, sex becomes extinct. A being that lives the higher life will soon become conscious of the truth of this assertion. He no longer revolves round the physical pivot, but takes his stand on the subjective heights of being, and finds to his astonishment that all the lower planes swing into divine order and harmony. When this consciousness of the union of souls takes place, it abides unbroken by changes on the objective plane. Man's conscious mind must put itself into a receptive state through meditation and concentration; then the subconscious mind will impart to it its knowledge.

This subconscious (or soul) mind is in direct communication with the Divine Mind, perceiving, comprehending, and realizing all things. Within it there is no guess-work, no imagination, no faith, and no mere belief. It *knows*. All knowledge and facts pertaining to man's real being will come to his consciousness through the quickening of the spirit. They will be flashed into his soul with such glaring vividness and celestial illumination that it will be impossible to mistake their gravity or to doubt their divinity; and this, too, without premonition. They contain within themselves their own conviction and testimony. They come with a ring of truth foreign to the intellect.

Those who have received this knowledge, in direct communication with Infinite Wisdom, know whereof they affirm, because they have experienced its verity. No honest searcher after truth is satisfied with the conviction of another's experience. He wants to know for himself, which is the one thing essential. This knowledge is intransmissible and incommunicable. Each soul must gain this consciousness for itself. It is the happy culmination of the process of realizing one's true self. Each one must *live* the higher and purer life if he would be a recipient of divine wisdom. Emerson says, "We lie open on one side to all the attributes of God." Through this open side comes the influx of the Spirit to those who have realized their intrinsic oneness with the Oversoul. Those who doubt the possibility of these experiences—who deem them imaginary or illusive because incomprehensible to the understanding of the material man—should remember the poet's words:

> "There are visions of wonders that earth has not chained—
> Bright glimpses which show us the yet unattained."

As the accomplished musician has a capacity to perceive vibrations that are lost on the unskilled ear, and to apprehend the soul mysteries through harmonies of sound that would fall unheard on the ear of the uncultured, so the soul cannot

impart to others what God has written on the central tablet of its being.

> "Thought is deeper than all speech,
> Feeling deeper than all thought;
> Souls to souls can never teach
> What unto themselves was taught."

The great effort made by man to regain consciousness of the lost unity of souls is manifest in all conditions of society and all phases of existence. It strongly emphasizes the truthfulness of his oneness in the beginning and his tendency again to become conscious of that which rightfully belongs to him by a law superior to all material limitations. The inexpressible longing of the heart for the response of a kindred soul is indicative of the original union. This longing of the soul for perfection is the undefined process in the course of evolution toward completeness. If all the attributes of the Divine Mind were consciously inherent in every human mind, this innate desire of all thinking beings to fill the aching void would not be present; for man has no true desire that is not in accord with the law of the Absolute. Every wish for happiness, peace, or rest, every desire to understand or to know, is indicative of his heirship to this kingdom. If this higher or spiritual self did not know and perceive, and did not experience joy, peace, and bliss, the lower self would not and could not express a desire to experience like conditions.

Every attribute of the Creator is involved in the creative principle of man, and will manifest itself to his consciousness sooner or later; for we must ever remember that "a thousand years are as a day to God and a day as a thousand years." It requires patience, perseverance, courage, and fortitude to stand firmly on the rock, letting nothing shake our faith in the Infinite Teacher.

It is possible for the soul to realize its dual nature, and to recognize its affinity definitely while sojourning on earth —not necessarily in any personality, but in the highest and purest realm of thought. Only such natures as are capable

of a great love, in which jealousy and selfishness have no part, can hope to become conscious of their own and to perceive that which is authentic in the duality of souls. This pure and holy love transcends all other attachments that the human heart is capable of conceiving. It becomes at once a law and a revelation. Through this love, the intuitive faculty in process of development becomes authentic, and its revelation that of the Divine to the human. It is obvious, therefore, that the progressive, spiritual thinker will become the medium between the Divine and the human, revealing the law of the Supreme Being as it really is, not as it seemeth to be to the limited and discursive reasoning of the intellect.

If we would know we must become equipoised, polarized, centralized. We must live close to God and Nature. We must be able to embrace the whole creative world within the arms of our love, to stretch forth our hands to all conditions of men, and to draw them unto ourselves. Alone with God and Nature in the omnipotence of silence, the heart feels the charm, not of things earthly but of things divine; and the meditative soul expands in the divine presence of this influence. Then the eyes of the soul are akin to the X-rays, and they see what is written in the sanctuary of a great soul whose heart-strings vibrate on the same celestial plane as their own. We must put ourselves in touch with the divine harmonies of being, becoming, as it were, a transcendental violin, so delicately attuned to ethereal vibrations that the least touch of the fingers of the Oversoul will thrill the whole individuality into consciousness of the real. Thus, if we would be recipients of divine wisdom, we must remain constantly attuned to the highly sensitive, perfect pitch. When the moment of the highest realization of love takes place you strike your keynote, and it will vibrate into all immensity until it find its corresponding tone; for the soul is so finely constituted that it absorbs all the vibrations of the spiritual counterpart of the inmost self. Every one of us has a keynote, which, when it finds its corresponding tone, vibrates harmoniously.

A PIVOTAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY CHARLES B. NEWCOMB.

"The light that is within thee."

The scientific world is just beginning to conjecture that light is an interior condition. The cat sees in an atmosphere that to the human eye is darkness. Among men there is an infinite variety of vision. An environment may be opaque to one and transparent to another.

The discovery of the X-rays has demonstrated the existence of a radiant energy that infolds us—a light within the light, and of a vibration so rapid that it is invisible until we have provided special conditions for its manifestation. Spectrum analysis has revealed more of the nature of light and color than we had ever dreamed possible to discover. The man with the seeing eye lives in a different world from that of the blind man. Let us study the correspondence of this truth in philosophy.

We hear much of the New Thought. What is "new," as distinguished from the "old"? In the old thought we sought cause and consequence outside ourselves. We had an absent God in a far-off heaven. We had a Devil, who "went about as a roaring lion." We had a Mediator, who "came down" from heaven as a sacrifice for sin and returned to make intercession for us. We had a Holy Spirit that must be implored to "descend" upon us. We dwelt upon Providence, Fate, and Destiny as governing powers. Heredity and Environment were influences which relieved us to a large degree of personal responsibility. Disease, poverty, and sin were from without, and were contagious, infectious, and epidemic.

Our motives were almost wholly in the external. "What will people think?" was constantly in our minds—implanted in the nursery and developed in society. "Henceforth remember that the eyes of the world are upon you" was solemnly enjoined upon the convert at the altar rail. We lived in fear of God, of the Devil, and of one another; as the old hymn so aptly expressed it: "Fightings without and fears within." This was considered the divinely appointed order of things, and we were taught that our salvation must be worked out "with fear and trembling." Man's hope of salvation was mostly from without, and his only dream of a real happiness lay in the misty realms of a remote paradise. So much for the old thought.

The New Thought may be truly called a Pivotal Philosophy. It changes all the old bearings of life and brings everything to a centre within the individual himself. It teaches him to think. It brings him to a poise—a pivot in himself. It withdraws his scattered thought-forces from the externals of life and shows him limitless results to be accomplished through concentration. It teaches absolute freedom, with absolute responsibility for all the past, present, and future.

God exists within; and, as a fountain cannot rise higher than its source, the only conception of God possible to each life is limited by its own experience of Divine impulses. Every human life is a magnet which, through the law of vibratory affinity, must draw to each man precisely what he elects—no more and no less. We owe neither our good fortune nor our so-called misfortune to one another. The supreme motive of life is the realization of Being.

The New Thought teaches that all heredity, environment, and interior conditions are controlled by the soul, and that man's life is not governed to the least degree by any outside circumstances. He simply responds to these as they touch the chords of sympathetic vibration within himself. The New Thought reveals to him the absolute equities of existence. It shows the objective life as plastic clay moulded at

will through the intelligent use of subjective consciousness. It increases activities by revealing powers and showing man how to keep his hand upon the lever. It places under control the marvellous forces of a Universal Energy. It radically alters all man's relations to God, to himself, and to his fellows. It teaches him to live at the centre rather than the circumference of life; to live in the now, rather than in the past or the hereafter. It reveals Man as the true Son of God, and as such having absolute control over destiny.

Finally, the new philosophy proclaims that the great solvent of all truth, the centre of all power, the source and ultimate of all being, are found in the harmonies of Love. Only through Love can man enter the realms of perfect peace. Fear is the only illusion. What, then, can Death add? Man has already found heaven by simply opening his eyes to the light within. His spiritual faculties have been sensitized and developed to a point of power heretofore ascribed to the supernatural and considered quite beyond the possibilities of human life. He need not postpone to the revelations of the future the things he desires to know to-day. He has sought, and he has found. He has knocked, and it has been opened unto him.

OUR PLACE IN LIFE.

BY L. KNEALE READ.

It would seem that, with reference to Labor, the world is in need of reform. Much needed labor is undone; much is overdone. Lawyers are in the places of merchants; merchants fill the positions of lawyers. A minister of the gospel, who should be all meekness and purity, is a scheming politician seeking for popularity and worldly possessions. Dressmakers fill places as teachers, and there are teachers who would make better cooks. Old maids are mothers, and many mothers have no children at all. Clearly something is wrong. Either God is making a mistake in his method of conducting the affairs of mankind, or mankind as a whole is making a most miserable failure in carrying out the Divine plan.

If we would gain a true perspective of any subject, we must get outside the mere material view; we must discard the individual idea and take the universal; we must transpose ourselves, so far as possible, from the finite into the infinite. This cannot be done by a mere act of reason. Our reasoning and perceptive faculties take observations and register conclusions; but, having done this, we must call into play the higher, divine quality of intuition, and therewith build on the information received by the ordinary mental faculties. We have been taking observations all our lives, and we will presume that we are ready at least to begin to deduce conclusions.

Milton's sublime verse makes it possible in mental vision to assume a position outside this earth—a distant point among the whirling planets. Such a point I call a universal one. From such a vision one would gain something of the

plan of the infinite Creator and Upholder of worlds. I cannot conceive of an infinite Mind, or a creative Force—great and accurate enough to make and hold in perfect harmony all the suns, with their circling systems of planets, and all the little grains of sand and atoms of living things on these worlds —committing the ridiculous mistake of making anything without its use, or making two things for one place. To me, the fact that I am born proves that I have a use in the world —a work to do; also, that that work belongs to me and to no one else. These are self-evident facts, which, once admitted and rightly applied, settle the whole problem of work for all nations.

I will assume that all agree that everything has its use, and pass directly to the second topic of consideration. What is my use, and what my neighbor's? Use means the position one fills—in simple language, work. I use the word "work" in its broadest, fullest sense. By this term I mean that great, grand use which the Universal Mind, in its conception of creation, saw as my special fitness; the one great use conceived and made possible by placing me in this particular spot, with a definite range of capacities. It is possible to know this work both positively and accurately. Apparently, however, we are a race of Marthas—so busy doing a little here and there, buzzing about with a finger in every one's business, that we have never really listened long enough to hear the Master's voice telling us our special place. Doubtless, if Martha had not been so occupied with "much serving," she also could have sat at the Master's feet, and, when the lesson was over, she and Mary would have prepared the simple meal more quickly together, and both would have been benefited by the lesson and the work.

There are two aspects into which we may divide work. The first is the great plan—that particular place in the universal field of labor which each person is to fill; the life mission; the ultimate destiny; the grand possibility of usefulness toward both God and humanity. The second is the individ-

ual's immediate position—his duty of to-day. The first is the life's orbit, the second its daily revolution.

Misunderstanding of our life-work causes much of the unrest and dissatisfaction from which humanity is suffering. God has his plan, and we have ours. His plan is drawing us one way, while we are struggling in another. Our inner, divine nature is ever calling us to fulfil the plan for which our whole being is adapted and vibrating in affinity. Our intellectual plans are in direct opposition; hence unrest, dissatisfaction, and failure. Our very being is divided against itself. For instance, John Smith has a brain formation adapted for the profession of lawyer. His thoughts naturally follow in that line. He, however, or his parents, decided that he should be a carpenter. As he is not mechanical, his work is a burden, and he has the consciousness that he is not a success. He lacks certain essential qualities. Here is one cause of unrest. But let us suppose he does not know that he is naturally a lawyer. He has a constant aspiration to be something different. With hammer in hand, he will argue eloquently, his thoughts ever running into higher and apparently useless fields. He appears to be an enthusiast and a dreamer; but the fact is that he has not found his right work. The place for which Nature fitted him is vacant. His unused faculties are continually seeking action. Had he but found his special place, his mind would have had its legitimate field of action, and he would have been in harmony with his work, developed by it, and enthusiastic in it.

So much for John Smith's side of the mistake; but what about the world, burdened with a second-rate carpenter instead of a brilliant lawyer? What of the universal order? Who shall say how extended the effect may be of even one man following his own or his friends' guesses instead of God's plan? Who shall say that in the music of the spheres there was not a discord by this one note being out of place?

It is quite possible in this age of enlightenment for each one to know his special fitness. Phrenology reveals itself as

a necessary science in determining the lines we will follow and the paths we will open for our children. Astrology settles each one's place in the world of activity; and, as if to aid and prove these, we have interior evidence—the voice of our own nature. If John Smith really knew what his flights of eloquence meant, he would stop boring his friends and turn that energy into a study of law.

If at all times, under various and diverging conditions, the same ideal of yourself presents itself, you may be sure that it is the voice of your inner nature telling you your work. If, however, it varies with different people and different surroundings, and if it differs to-day from what it was last year, then it is only a mental coloring reflected from the minds of others. But if it has always the same general tenor, then it is your unused faculties proclaiming their presence, demanding their rightful exercise, and outlining your true mission to the world—your life-work, your line of growth.

Our mental attitude toward daily duty and life's mission should be this: Having discovered our real aptitude, let us regard ourselves as actually engaged in the work on the mental plane. Let us regard it as the point toward which all circumstances are aiming, and believe confidently that because it is our work we have perfect fitness and ability to accomplish it; that because it is our work we shall surely do it; that because it is God's work for us, and he has given us the capacity for it, he will not fail. The particular work of to-day is but a stepping-stone toward the larger work of to-morrow.

If John Smith (to return to our illustration) discovers his real fitness and starts mentally on the path toward it, he will regard his carpenter work as a development of some particular faculty in which he is lacking. Perhaps he needs concentration of thought; then picking up the tools and handling them to advantage are a development—a real step toward pleading before the judges' bench. His dormant faculties no longer trouble him; for he knows, by the very

conception of his ultimate use, that they are only waiting until some deficient point is developed.

Perhaps one of the most helpful things toward finding our proper work would be to cut off everything except that which is clearly and decidedly our own. Work that is for us alone is undone because we are doing another's. Some one, for instance, is making demands upon our time, asking and expecting from us work that is properly his own. It may be only picking up a slipper or finding a handkerchief; yet we are weakening that other as well as robbing ourselves. We must be brave enough not only to do our own work but to insist that others shall do theirs. It is not easy to refuse a selfish demand. It takes real heroism to decline to give apparent favors. Perhaps, however, if we do not do another's work we may seem to have nothing to do. What then? Why, rest. Rest is work. It is quite as important to rest, in order to get ready to act, as to act. Rest is growth, while action is its manifestation—the result of rest. Rest, then, and act only as duty is revealed. It were better to leave our possible duty undone than to prevent another from having his opportunity. With rest and quiet faith in God's need for us and readiness to fill that need, growth will come in the right direction. Much Divine pruning is because we have wilfully grown the wrong way. We are pushed back, or cut off, and have to grow again.

Let us look for a moment at the world's work. Much is being poorly done and much is not being done at all. "There is always room at the top" is a familiar adage. All the usual fields of labor are full to overflowing. That "competition is the life of trade" is a prevalent opinion. It would seem that God had erred in making two things for one place—frequently a hundred. Where is the trouble? Clearly, in supposing that the moulds in which humanity is cast were too few, and in not knowing that many of us are too large for the places we are trying to fill.

Allow the unused faculties to expand, and many will find

a larger ability than they were conscious of. Follow the ideal closely, and broad, new fields of labor will open. The "room at the top" will have its workers. The summit will be as thickly filled as is the valley. And then, behold the valley! How comfortable and happy! No more jostling and rushing for one little spot; no more treading on one another's toes, pushing a brother down and even stepping on his prostrate form to gain a livelihood. Following the law of attraction revealed in the innermost self, each person is in his appointed place; a place designed for him by creative Mind, and accordingly reserved in the Divine plan of the universe; a place that he alone can truly fill; a place gladly yielded to him by all created things—because of his fitness.

We need more knowledge of self—a study of the physiology of our brains. This self-knowledge will enable humanity to plan in harmony with universal law. Harmony with universal law will give perfect assurance and perfect faith in ability to fill the appointed place. There will be no discouragement nor lack of strength. The promise of the fruit is in the seed.

THE GARDENER AND THE CORN:

AN ALLEGORY.

BY HENRY SEWARD HUBBARD.

A very wise gardener held in his hand a grain of corn, to which he began to talk. "What do you know, little grain?" he said. "Tell me what you know."

The seed lay in measureless content in the gardener's hand. Never in its recollection had such warm, rich currents of thrilling life flowed like music through every fibre of its being. Yet, as though unable to be surprised, it answered the gardener's question with simplicity and truth. "I know of life in the milk," it said. "With my mates, I lay in a silken cradle, ever swinging with a soft and gentle motion that I never can forget."

"What then?" said the gardener.

"Then I began to grow," replied the grain. "This glossy covering that incloses me was not so hard as it is now, and I could feel it expand to give me room. Larger and larger I grew, and stronger and firmer, until I became as you see me now—a full, round grain of corn."

"Is that all?" said the gardener.

"That is all," said the grain, not daring to speak of the thrill of delight which had come to it at the gardener's touch as he detached it from its resting-place.

"And is your life complete?" continued the gardener.

"I think so. I am not quite sure."

Then the gardener smiled and said: "My little friend, your own true life has not yet begun. That which has seemed to be yours, the activities that you have described, are the

fruit of another life poured upon and crystallized around you; but you yourself have not yet begun to live."

"How can that be?" inquired the grain; but the gardener made no answer. He was pouring some water on the ground. "What are you going to do?" cried the little seed, for a premonition of something dark and dreadful filled the sky.

"Trust me," said the gardener. "I cannot explain, but I can promise. Your own life is to be grand and glorious far beyond what you can possibly imagine."

"Is it a gift?" asked the grain. (It had always received everything in that way; yet something seemed to prompt it to inquire.)

"No; it will cost you everything you have."

"Then I do not want it."

"You think not, but you really know nothing about it. If you could imagine it beforehand, you would be inflamed with desire for its attainment."

"Then why do I feel this dread?"

The gardener looked long and kindly at the tiny object, and said: "Because you will cease to be a grain of corn, and because until the change has begun it is not in your power to understand, neither can I convey to you, what it is to leave the mortal state and to put on immortality."

"What do you mean by the mortal state?"

"You are now in the mortal state. Do you see that great bird on the tree? If you should fall into his power, you would not only lose all that you have, but your chance of immortality would be gone. And do you hear that rumbling sound? It is made by wheels in that great mill yonder. There daily millions of grains like you lose control of their own substance, which is scattered abroad as food for man and beast, their individual life thus being lost before immortality was attained."

"What do you mean by 'lost'? Would I become nothing if I went to the mill?"

"Something cannot become nothing. A sign or a symbol of a thing may be destroyed, but not the thing itself. Still, you would lose your substance, and could not recover it. To you it would no longer exist, while you yourself would return to a former state and become a floating unit of vitality in the ocean of space."

The grain of corn had become so awakened to the possibilities inherent within it that it trembled at the thought of going back instead of forward, and prayed for further light.

"These changes which I have described," continued the gardener, "although below your possibilities, would not be without compensation. Before they were completed their full meaning would flash upon and permeate your being, and you would realize that you had given up your life for the benefit of higher forms than your own. Self and selfishness alike departing in the process, a consciousness of your acceptance would sweeten your expiring hour, and you would part with outward life, happy in the thought that you had not lived in vain."

"If I must die whether I will or not, I should like to die content."

"But another fate than this might possibly befall you—a fate so dreadful that even the thought of it would make you shudder."

"And what might that be?"

"You would not understand if I should tell you. Besides, I have chosen you for a glorious immortality; and the experiences which lie between you and the hour of revelation will open your understanding so that you can learn everything you wish to know." And with his spade the gardener turned up the soil where he had poured the water.

"What are you going to do?" cried the little grain.

"Trust me. Canst thou trust me, little one?"

"Didst thou say all? Must I lose all to win the mystic prize?"

"All."

"And I shall be no more a grain of corn?"

"No more; for in the scale of being thou shalt rise and take on immortality."

"Since thou dost promise me so grand a future, I will help to make it true. I trust thee now, and will trust thee to the end."

"The blessing of the All-Highest rest upon thee," said the gardener; and in the darkness of the warm, wet ground he laid the little seed and covered it from sight. Not from his thought, however, did he shut away the grain, nor from his listening ear. He attended, waiting patiently.

The sudden movement, the change of surroundings, the sense of loss felt by the grain as the thrilling life-current of the gardener's hand gave place to the deadening touch of the passive soil, roused again the premonitions of disaster experienced when the unfathomed mystery of the event (now become actual) loomed as a cloud upon its future. Faith wavered. A sense of utter helplessness fell upon the little grain. The currents of its life flowed back toward the centre, and a death-like stillness seemed to fall as from the hand of fate, and wrap itself, shroud-like, around its being. It was as if a gate had swung, in a moment, on all its past; and that past was seen now to be, not a lifetime, as it had been regarded, but one long, beautiful bright day, that had arisen somehow out of a night of mystery and then went down in another night of darkness that could be felt.

"Can this be death?" thought the grain. "But no—how can it be? I never felt so wide awake before. It seems to me I shall never go to sleep again." And it never did. It never felt the need of it; for the heavy weight of mystery hanging over its future roused the germ of life to strongest tension, while the dampness of the soil (never felt before) gradually softened the outer inclosing shell until the inner force felt a sudden yielding and in a moment had enveloped the form, and for the first time knew itself to be master of its own domain. A sense of exultation now took possession

despite the surrounding gloom; and, where it had been accusing the gardener of betraying it, now every word of kindness he had spoken and every tone of love flashed out new meaning.

"I could not believe him," it murmured, "because I did not know. I pray he may forgive me;" and, soft as distant bells, his breath came in as a perfect answer to the prayer. A new consciousness had entered the grain, which was none the less its own, although differing in kind and even in nature from anything ever before experienced: in kind because it was one freed from the narrow limits of what was now seen to have been its prison, and in nature because it was not fixed as the bodily consciousness had come to be, but was expansive—each moment one of growth, attended with an exuberant sense of happiness. Powerful emotions, however, soon seek their level; and with the sense of liberation came a hunger for the light and a vastly keener sensitiveness to heat and cold. This was entirely new, and the continual excitement of the varying conditions so wrought upon the soul of the grain that it rested not by night or day, and scarcely knew the difference between them.

One influence alone possessed the power to still the violent throbbings of its expanding life—the gardener's voice, now become audible once more. When the gardener bent his thought to where the little seed lay hidden, he could interpret every vibration of either its outer shell or its inner life, and read the meaning there. He could do more: he could send a current to that inner life—a current so powerful and sweet with promise that it would lose for the time all consciousness of the dissolving shell. And this at times was necessary, for the transmutation of the bodily form was attended by the giving out of a current of energy bearing upon it the pictured memories of its past, all draped in the gloom of a present hopelessness, profound and absolute, so that the spirit itself, through sympathy, would have weakened but for the gardener's aid so given.

Strange, indeed, was this spirit-consciousness, till then unknown—a consciousness of immortality inherent, a possession present, and only lacking recognition in that higher world whose currents now poured in to prove its own reality in such fashion that henceforth it could not be questioned, even for a moment. Most wonderful was the power of this consciousness to thrill the soul with a bliss so great that even the throes of dissolution and the nerve-sundering agonies of physical destruction were powerless to arrest the smile with which in perfect calm the new-born spirit welcomed the dawn of immortality. For these two states of consciousness interblended, each acting as a balance to the other; and along the hanging bridge, suspended by the double cord of happiness and misery, the inner consciousness made its transit from a lower to a higher range of being.

When the grain was fairly germinated, but not yet released from its prison-house of earth, a chilling frost came that checked the progress of the change that was taking place. Its powers of comprehension had grown with its development. Its own dormant possibilities, the existence of which had been entirely unsuspected, were now in a measure revealed to consciousness; and at every hour of growth and change it came into magnetic communication with all kindred organisms at the same stage of expanding life. The wish to become acquainted with these—to study itself through them, as it were—had been continually hindered by the strenuous demands on its attention made by the vibrating changes going on within its organism. The sudden frost, therefore, which had arrested its growth without destroying it, proved a blessing in disguise, for it gave to the little grain the opportunity to look abroad with the mind's eye, undistracted by internal commotion.

First, the face of the gardener appeared, dimly, as in a mist, and went away again. Then his voice was heard in the stillness: "Be of good cheer, little one. All is well." And they talked together in messages of thought. The little

seed remembered all the gardener had said, and felt for the first time how true his words had been concerning the change from the mortal state to that of immortality. And with its recognition of the truthfulness of these words came a recollection of the picture of those other grains that are called to give their substance to other lives than theirs, attaining perfect happiness in consenting to the gift, yet missing, without ever knowing it, the grander experience of unfoldment such as now, in all the strain and stress of darkness and dissolution, had come upon the grain to lift it into air. Then also the mystery and shadow of the words that followed: "But another fate than this might possibly befall you—a fate so dreadful that even the thought of it would make you shudder!" What could be their meaning? Would the gardener explain them now?

"I will," replied the gardener. "The time has come when you can understand. I will show you in panorama." And in a moment the grain saw, as if painted on the darkness, a picture representing thousands of grains of corn in a large vessel nearly covered with water, which they all seemed to be happily drinking. "That must be nice," thought the little seed. They evidently thought so too, and soon all of them grew large and stout, like a man with a good digestion and plenty to eat.

Presently the picture changed, and now every grain was seen putting out a sprout which the light and air and water so stimulated in its growth that not one grain seemed to notice or to care that it was losing its former kind of existence with no certain assurance of a better one to take its place. "On! On! Out! We're growing!" they shouted. "We're in luck! This is life!" And if some of the soberer ones interrupted to inquire what it all meant, their voices were drowned in shouts of "Who cares? A short life and a merry one! We're all right!"

But events as depicted in the next scene showed that they were not all right. Some one had taken away all the

water, and their sobered and gasping condition seemed to suggest the inquiry, "Do you think anything *can* happen to us?" And now the power behind the scenes turned a current of hot air upon them, which checked their growth as suddenly and more disastrously than the frost had checked that of the lone little grain that was now reading the history of these other lives in the light of the experiences of its own. In a moment they began to shrink and wither before this stifling breath, until their germ-life was reduced to a mere spark, unable to manifest in any way. Then they were gathered up in heaps and poured into a hopper from which they fell between great rollers, which crushed them into a shapeless mass, where they lay in utter helplessness.

Once more the water was poured in; but this, which had formerly given them such pleasure, proved, in their changed condition, the active instrument of their final destruction. For the substance of their forms, having been changed in character, as always happens in germ-growth, had become soluble in water, and the crushing process laid them wide open to the devouring stream which absorbed their wealth almost in a moment. The currents of the germ-life, too, having been first stimulated, then arrested, and then shocked by the unnatural process of crushing the tiny seeds at the very hour of their germination, could no longer maintain their separate existence within and yet apart from the body, and therefore flowed with the water (and the sweet, helpless particles they could no longer control) down into a great vat, where by the silent process of fermentation the fateful change of a good, pure, and beneficent group of forces into a foul, dangerous, and even deadly one would be completed.

The little grain, before whose inner sight this drama of real life had been enacted, closed its eyes ere the final act was reached. "Oh, drop the curtain, please!" it prayed the gardener. "Better a thousand deaths such as I am now enduring than one such death as that!" And the gardener mercifully granted the request.

Now the chilling hour of frost had passed away. The warm sun shone again, and the little grain, made strong by the scenes so lately witnessed, reached up with powerful tension toward the light. The particles of earth gave way before it, and soon in speechless wonder it found itself emerging from the shadow-land and able to look into the eye of the great god of day, with a mingled consciousness of innocence and victory.

What need to trace its further growth? We of the superior life have so often watched its beautiful development —" first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear " —that we can appreciate its poetry and almost catch the silent music of its song through the days and nights of its glad up-springing into Nature's immortality. It is the lesson of its *hidden* life we are so slow to learn, aye, so unwilling almost that we deceive ourselves into believing that there is no immortality without a grave. We beg to be excused from looking into or attempting to look over that, as if the chasm into which the miserable malt is thrust to bury it from the sight of man necessarily lay between us and a conscious immortality; as if there were no difference between that chasm and the temporary shadow of the tomb, from which the soul springs forth to walk the ways of earth once more, new-born and hidden from the careless eye. With conversation reaching beyond the veil, death overcome, currents of unfailing energy for heavenly toils on earth, and the music of the spheres for sweet companionship, the mystery of the resurrection becomes a solemn, silent joy—a transcendent fact of consciousness, which the starry heavens of a summer night but faintly typify.

Let no one speak of the final transition of the calm, white soul whose work is done, and who has long waited for the joyful hour, as *death* in any such sense as that pictured here. As well say that the severing of the ripened ear from the stalk is to be compared to a passage through the valley of the shadow; a passage decreed to all who, from among the

worthy, are selected as the seed from which a glorious future age shall rise, linked by these few to all that the present has attained. These are the chosen who are called to pass through fires which only the spirit of consecration enables them to bear, and to whom (for God is just) is given the special honor of " being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

[It is our purpose in this Department to give a medium of expression for the many experiences of a psychical nature that are more frequent in every individual life than is commonly supposed. We shall also give any scientific conclusions that may be deduced therefrom. Such experiences are usually given so little recognition as to check the development of a naturally occult mentality; or when recognized, they are too often converted to the use of cults that are fanatical perversions of the subjective spirituality. On the principle that *all spirit is one*, we may gain a higher comprehension of this question with the understanding of spirit in the abstract rather than spirits personified. In giving these phases of mind the recognition which is their due, the habit may be established by which they will tend to repeat themselves and indefinitely increase. We hope to secure perfect accuracy in these statements, by which alone it is possible to preserve their scientific value. On these lines and for this purpose we ask the honest co-operation of all possessing information of importance to the world, and we hope those who can will send us such material as possesses scientific value in a true development of the psychic faculties of mind.]

DREAM-VISIONS—TRUE AND FALSE.

In the latter part of October, 1896, I took the train for Spokane, Wash., leaving Seattle at 9.40 p. m. I was accompanied to the station by my business associate. Our conversation was of the ordinary sort between partners. Nothing was said about the trip or of problematical dangers. I was delighted to find in the smoking-room of the Pullman sleeping-car some congenial friends, with whom I engaged in conversation about the approaching election. Our talk lasted until about 11 o'clock, when we all retired to our berths.

I had made several trips over the road, and knew its general condition to be first-class. I had no apprehensions; in fact, I was no sooner in my berth than I became drowsy, sinking into a deep slumber. I am somewhat of a profound sleeper, not usually predisposed to dreams which I can afterward recall in my waking

hours. However, I slept through the entire night, but was awakened suddenly in the morning by a most vivid dream. I had dreamed that I was on board a train, stowed comfortably away in a Pullman berth; that the cars were about to approach a bridge spanning a river, and that I was awake. It seemed to me that I was warned—from a source the exact nature of which I do not recall—of an impending danger, the only escape from which was by jumping from the train. I thought I refused to jump and laughed at the warning; that the train went slowly on, I noting all the scenes en route; and that we soon came to the approach of a bridge which spanned a large stream of water. I carefully examined the bridge, its approach, and many surrounding details. I thought that, as we neared its centre, a span broke and we were precipitated toward a deep whirling stream of blue water. From the time I was warned to jump, the train beginning to "slow," the fences and trees along the right of way, the approach to the bridge, its "bents," the water, and the disaster were all most wonderfully real—so real that I awakened with a cry, as I thought the bridge and train were sinking toward the water.

I found myself sitting in my berth shuddering with terror. I looked from my window. Everything at first was unfamiliar. The train was pursuing its regular course and all seemed well. Suddenly I saw a familiar object—a stump, with a log attached. In an instant other familiar objects came in view. At first I could not distinguish them, but in a moment the thought was forced on me that they were the scenes I had beheld in my dream. The engineer had reduced speed somewhat, and familiar scenes and localities became more distinct. At once I passed the place where I was warned to jump and had refused. I looked in amazement. I could then jump with safety, as the train was going slowly, but I did not attempt it. I was bewildered. We entered the approach of a bridge—the "bents" were the same, the train was moving the same, and the water was blue and deep, as in my dream. I was so frightened that I sat in my berth—holding firmly to the bar under the window—and waited for death. But the train passed safely over to the other side! There were no accidents on that or any subsequent trip.

The foregoing experience, from a mental stand-point, was most real. In my waking moments I had not thought of the

Columbia River—that we would be compelled to cross it—although I had crossed it frequently before, but had never given it any particular consideration. I am quite certain I did not think of it that night prior to my dream; yet all of my dream-vision was of this particular locality, most accurately portrayed.

Most contributors of psychic experiences to The Metaphysical Magazine have recorded "dreams fulfilled." I herewith report one which, up to date at least, has failed in its climax.

W. R. Gay.

During the winter of 1880, we had with us a lady who (her mind having become unbalanced) threatened self-destruction. We were guarding, as far as possible, against such an act. She slept in a room so located that she could not get out of the house without passing through the apartment occupied by her husband and unfastening the door. One night I awoke from a vivid dream in which I heard her pass out of her room down through that of her husband, unfasten the door, and go out. I at once aroused my wife and told her of my dream. She went to our guest's room, but found her quietly sleeping.

Finding that 'twas only a dream, I attempted to sleep again, but could not. I heard the clock strike one, two, three, four, and five, and then I dozed for a few moments, when I was awakened by hearing our guest pass (as in my dream) down through her husband's room, unfasten the door, and go out of the house. At the same time I heard the gentleman rush to the door and call to his wife. We dressed hastily and started in search, finding her lifeless form at the bottom of a stock well some fifteen rods from our house.

I had previously nailed planks over the well, leaving only space enough for a bucket to pass through; yet this delicate, sensitive woman, on the darkest night imaginable, ran barefoot over the cold ground and crowded her form through that hole.

Now, if there was a power, or influence, to impress that dream upon my mind, which endeavored to keep me awake with a view of preventing this suicide, was there not another power, or influence, watching to take this little woman to her destruction the moment I chanced to go to sleep?

It may not be out of place, and may throw some light upon the

question, to state that several months prior to this occurrence the father of the woman, at Bloomington, Ill., sought to take the life of a younger son, this daughter, and himself—first shooting his son and daughter through the head, and then himself. His was the only fatal shot, as the son and daughter recovered; but later the woman committed suicide, as described above.

A. W. St. John.

[Note. — With reference to the vision that was not fulfilled, we would suggest that there was undoubtedly another mind of vivid imagination and apprehension with which, for some reason, Mr. Gay was "en rapport" during the dream described—perhaps a fond relative or friend of nervous temperament. Possibly the thought came from an anxious fellow-passenger, but most probably from some one sympathetic. The accuracy of detail in the dream may have been produced by the influencing mind, or, after having received the thought of an accident, Mr. Gay, as he admits being perfectly familiar with the route, may have himself supplied the "mise en scène" from unconscious memory. The gentleman probably noticed on previous journeys that it is customary for a train to "slow up" on approaching a bridge. The experience of Mr. St. John was undoubtedly of the same order. His dream was caused by the fixed purpose of his demented charge. The fact that, in one instance, the influence was merely apprehension and in the other determination, would not necessarily affect the dreamers.—Ed.]

* * *

CLAIRVOYANCE OR TELEPATHY?

In 1891, while the late Wiley S. Scribner was recorder of Cook County, Illinois, he had in his employ an old gentleman named Speare, who was taken ill and obliged to leave. Mrs. Scribner, who had charge of one department of the office, knew casually of the occurrence, but, as the illness proved a lingering one, the man's place was given to another. In an office of two or three hundred clerks, the matter soon passed out of mind.

Some months later, in the murky watches of a Chicago night, Speare suddenly appeared at Mrs. Scribner's bedside, and said,

placidly and distinctly: "You see, I am well at last, Mrs. Scribner; and I wanted to tell you that all along the doctors mistook my case and treated me for erysipelas, while the real trouble was blood-poisoning." With a spring, the startled woman, who was fully awake at the time, leaped to her feet, turned on the lights, and gazed wildly about for some trace or explanation of her mysterious caller. All was silent and unchanged in the familiar room, and no sign of any disturbing presence appeared. Then, as usual on such occasions, she looked at her watch to note the exact hour; and, rousing her husband, she told him excitedly what she had seen. "You dreamed it, of course," he said, sleepily; "but it's odd that the poor old gentleman should disturb your dreams." Then they talked of other things, and soon were fast asleep.

By nine o'clock the next morning, when Mrs. Scribner entered the court-house, all midnight visions were as far from her thought as garish day with its crowding calls could banish them. As she went down the dingy hall, however, the first person she met said, abruptly: "Mrs. Scribner, did you know that Mr. Speare, who used to work in your husband's office, died last night?" Startled and almost terrified as the night vision returned, she answered as briefly as possible, expressing her regret and surprise, and hastened on. But, before she had reached the recorder's rooms, a son of the dead man met her, and, repeating the statement, named the hour of death, which preceded by only a few moments the time of her night vision. Then the younger Mr. Speare added, sadly: "But the worst feature of it is that the physicians all along mistook father's case, and blunderingly treated him for erysipelas, never discovering till the last moment that his trouble was blood-poisoning!"

Mrs. Scribner, who had never had any occasion or desire to consider herself a "psychic," received this last announcement with an inward shudder. As rapidly as possible she escaped to her husband's office, to relieve her mind by laying the matter before him. She is unwilling to discuss or to relate the strange case, and it is only through the present narrator's desire for light that the incident is brought to the attention of the readers of The Metaphysical Magazine.

IRENE SAFFORD.

DEPARTMENT OF

HEALING PHILOSOPHY.

[We invite contributions to this Department from workers and thinkers in every part of the world, together with information from those familiar with Eastern works containing similar teachings which would be valuable for reference. Well-written articles of moderate length will be used, together with terse sayings, phrases, and quotations adapted to arouse comprehension of those principles of wholeness and harmony on which the health of a race depends. The wisdom of the sages and philosophers of all periods and climes, as well as the most advanced expression of modern thought in these lines, will find a welcome in these pages. Co-operation of earnest friends in so brotherly a cause as this will result in a mighty influence for permanent good, physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. Let us, therefore, in this attempt join hands, minds, and hearts, for a permanent healing of the nations by developing that degree of knowledge which shall make health their common possession.]

THE INSANITY OF FEAR.

Some years ago I was visiting in Virginia at the house of my father-in-law, who was justice of the peace. One evening a stranger was ushered into the sitting-room. He wanted to see "the 'squire," and was told to wait a few moments. The man seemed very much excited, glancing fearfully around, and keeping his right hand in his pocket. (We afterward learned that he carried a loaded pistol.) Every time a door opened he started nervously, and I noticed that perspiration stood out in great drops on his forehead, though the night was cool.

Presently there was a ring at the door-bell—the man sprang up, a picture of terror. "Ladies," he said, in a low, imploring voice, "I shall have to put myself under your protection." We looked at each other aghast. Were we harboring a murderer? "They're after me, to kill me!" continued the stranger, who broke down, sobbing like a child. "What have you done?" I asked.

"Nothing, madam—nothing," was the tremulous answer; "but they're after me, to murder me!" His terror was so piteous that, at his request, we locked the doors and assured him of his safety while under our roof. This seemed to quiet him, and in a few moments my father-in-law came in. Again the man told his story and begged for our protection.

Taking us aside, my father-in-law explained that the stranger was a lunatic, whose only hallucination was a fear of being murdered. In other respects he was sane and perfectly harmless. "Just come with me and I'll put you in a safe place for the night," said the 'squire, kindly. Together they went down the moon-lit street, the poor lunatic clinging to the arm of the older man and cowering like a frightened child.

I have often thought since of the pathos of the scene. Without were the peace and beauty of a summer night; within, a quiet home circle, friendly faces, and kind words. There was nothing in all the universe to make the poor creature afraid; yet there he was, trembling at every sound, tortured to the verge of actual death, insane from fear, shrinking before the phantoms of his own imagination—while safety and peace were all around him! He spent the night in the station-house, and the next day was sent to the Marion Asylum for treatment.

Pitiable as his case was, this man was scarcely more insane than thousands of others whom we meet every day—persons whom no one would think of sending to a lunatic asylum. Frequently people are murdered; so we may allow some possible ground for the poor man's terror. But why should a fear of murder be deemed a certain proof of insanity, when fear of sickness, fear of poverty, fear of misfortune, and many other fears are considered perfectly consistent with sanity?

A large proportion of the inmates of insane asylums are subject to hallucinations of fear. An utterly causeless fear is one of the earliest symptoms of certain cases of dementia. But one need not go to the wards of a lunatic asylum to find these wretched slaves of fear. We see them by scores on the street—hurrying nervously to business in the morning and rushing home at night, irritable, absent-minded, restless, despondent—their minds so thoroughly engrossed with some imaginary future ill that no amount of joy, comfort, or peace contained in the present moment

can find its way to their harassed souls. We see them at church, bending piously over prayer-books and Bibles, apparently worshipping a God who has promised to care for them just as he cares for the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field, but in reality doing homage to a self-created Devil of Care by taking thought for a morrow which will probably never come. We see them at concerts and theatres, trying the spells of Art to banish the demon that besets them—baseless fear.

Here is one whose income is just sufficient for the needs of his family. His home is comfortable, his wife and children are well clothed and well fed: if he would only live in the present moment all would be well with him. But his mind is continually projecting itself into the future. He wonders what he will do when Tom is old enough to go to college and Mollie makes her debut in society! And suppose he should have a long illness, or lose his position, or die, what would Mary and the children do with only the income from five or six thousand dollars to live on? And so he goes on, losing sleep, flesh, and strength, and becoming an old man before his time—not from poverty, but from the fear of it.

Another man whose father and mother lived to a green old age, whose children are healthy, and who is himself strong and vigorous, finds away back in the family history an ancestor who died of consumption or cancer, or who went insane and ended his days in an asylum. He summons back the ghost of this ancestor, eats with him, drinks with him, goes to bed with him and gets up with him, communes with him during the day, and dreams of him at night, until his friends begin to comment on his changed appearance and privately urge him to take a rest, or go to Colorado, or try Dr. So-and-so's Great Nerve Tonic. And all the time there is no disease in sight—only the fear of disease!

Here is another man who has no need to ask favors of fortune; his friends are true, his business is flourishing—but suppose a financial crisis should come next month, or that the price of wheat goes down to-morrow, or that Mr. Blank is unable to pay the note that falls due next week! He carves wrinkles all over his face, breaks down his digestion, and weakens his heart. It is not failure, but merely the fear of failure.

Where is the wise man who can point out the essential difference between the poor lunatic, who sat in the friendly home circle

and cowered before the imaginary murderer, and the healthy, prosperous, well-to-do man of sane (?) mind who cowers before an imaginary disease, imaginary poverty, or an imaginary misfortune?

We are so accustomed to the bondage of fear that we do not realize its true meaning. Absolute freedom from fear—or care, or worry, as you choose to call it—we consider a characteristic of children and fools. A man or woman without fear is inconceivable. Such a creature, we think, would be a sort of mental monstrosity. If we could only believe the actual truth in the matter, which is that all fear is a sign of mental unsoundness, we would be ready to revolt against the hateful thing and free ourselves.

There is not a situation in life that calls for the presence of fear. If poverty, misfortune, and sickness are not actually present, there is nothing to fear; but if poverty, misfortune, and sickness *do* come to us, are we then justified in fearing? A thousand times no! To fear when there is nothing to fear is certainly folly. To fear in the presence of the fearful thing is utter destruction. For instance, a mother who torments herself with the fear that her child may be burned to death is insanely foolish, but her fear in this case may hurt no one but herself. Suppose, however, that the child comes running to her mother almost enveloped in flames. Fear then means something more than folly: it means the destruction of the child, and perhaps of herself. Presence of mind, calmness, and courage are what she needs then; but fear robs her of them all, placing both the child and herself at the mercy of the flames.

There are but two sane attitudes of mind. When there is nothing to fear, happiness and tranquillity should possess us. When a fearful thing materializes, courage, hope, and resolution should be ours; and with these impulses in our hearts there is again nothing to fear, for no adverse condition can long stand before such valiant spirits.

Few realize the extent to which fear dominates the mind. Some time ago I asked a friend to keep a record of her fears for three weeks, and here it is in her own words:

"My sister was ill, and for two weeks I feared she would have typhoid fever or brain fever, and perhaps die. I lost much sleep

and flesh in consequence of this protracted worry. It was only a malarial attack, however, and she got well.

"I had written to a friend, laying before her a plan and asking a small favor. The reply did not come as promptly as it might, and I feared my friend was offended (though there was absolutely no ground for such an apprehension) and that the favor would be denied. In course of time a cordial letter came, and she had done just what I asked her to do.

"I wanted a certain kind of candy that could be purchased only in New York. I knew the name of the old firm, which had passed away a score of years ago, but I could not learn the name or address of the present firm. I wrote a postal card, addressing it to the deceased candy-maker, and sent it without street or number. I feared it would never reach its destination; but in a few days an answer came from the new firm, and I ordered my candy. Then I began to fear that it would not come in time; that it would spoil on the way; that it would not be the kind I wanted, and much more to the same effect. It came in an unusually brief time, and was highly satisfactory.

"I ordered a reefer from New York for my little girl. I began to worry for fear it would not fit. When it came the child was not at home, and I fancied it was very much too large, and worried over the possibility of having to send it back and get another. It fitted her perfectly when she tried it on, and is very stylish and comfortable.

"But why prolong this ridiculous confession? I found that every act of my life had its accompanying measure of worry. If I set my bread at night, I feared it would not rise. When I found it nicely risen in the morning and made it into loaves, I feared they would not rise. When I put it into the oven, I feared that I could not get the proper degree of heat and it would not be well baked. If I had a dress made I feared it would not fit. If I intended to walk or ride at a certain time, I feared it would rain. If any of the children coughed or sneezed, I feared influenza or bronchitis. In a word, I never did anything in a cheerful, hopeful, confident way, but seemed to be continually under the lash of fear. And the singular part of it is that experience teaches me nothing in this matter. I look back on the record of my unfulfilled fears,

laugh at them, and feel ashamed of my folly; but I am just as ready to fear again to-morrow, or, indeed, to-day."

This is not an exceptional experience, and I think my friend's concluding sentence is worth pondering. If, after realizing the folly and uselessness of fear, we keep on fearing, are we not really more off our mental balance than the man who feared the imaginary murderer? He was incapable of recognizing the groundlessness of his fears; but we, recognizing the groundlessness of ours, still cling to them and repeat the folly anew every hour!

My correspondent's record is a striking confirmation of Horace Fletcher's dictum: "Worry's prophecies never come true; or if they do, the fulfilment is caused by the worry itself." In a much older book than "Menticulture," I find these words: "Ye feared a sword; therefore a sword is sent unto you." Does this not mean that our fears are their own fulfilment; that when the "sword" of poverty, sickness, or misfortune comes, it is sent by either our own fears or those of others? If all our fears materialized in outward circumstances, we should be utterly destroyed. That this does not occur is because the Law of Good is more powerful than our fears. We are limited in our capacity to harm ourselves, but no other limit to our power is imposed.

Since environment is the product of a mental condition, it follows that the customary method of attacking adverse conditions is wrong. Instead of fighting disease, we should fight the fear of it; and this is equally true of poverty and failure. Only in this way can we strike at the root of all such negative conditions. This is not only good Mental Science: it is true Christianity. No orthodox Christian can consistently contradict the foregoing. The gospel of Christ is a message of perfect fearlessness. "Fear not," said the angel to the shepherds. "It is I; be not afraid." "Why are ye fearful?" "Fear ye not, therefore; are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" said Christ. "I will fear no evil," said David; and again: "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." The result of this perfect fearlessness is perfect safety. "There shall no evil befall thee; neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come

nigh thee." "They shall take up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them."

There are Christians that would be horrified at the thought of taking on their lips the words of Thomas Paine or of Ingersoll; yet they do not hesitate to say, "I am so afraid," or "I am so worried," or "I dread this," or "I fear that." And if their lips are not actually framing these words, their wrinkled brows, anxious eyes, and clouded faces are telling the story of their dishonoring fears, every one of which is a denial of their profession of Christianity. The more nearly we approach an attitude of perfect fearlessness, the more nearly do we come into the condition of the "sons of God," for the perfectly fearless man is a god.

There is but one weapon with which to fight the phantom Fear. It is Hope.

Not long since a popular magazine published a story by Hall Caine, entitled "Unto the Third and Fourth Generation." It is a fine piece of Mental Science fiction, dealing among other things with hypnotism, which seems to be as necessary a feature of the modern novel as a heroine or a hero. The story is of a family that rested under a curse that made itself felt in every generation. In the fourth generation the heir to the curse is a beautiful young girl named Lucy, the heroine of the tale. Just before the time appointed for her marriage the curse again falls, and she is found to be an inebriate. The family of her betrothed urge him to break the engagement, warning him of the fearful results that, under the law of heredity, must befall the offspring of such a marriage. Her lover studies the case and investigates hypnotism as a possible remedy for the disease. He gives it a trial, and the experiment results successfully. But, fearing the weakening of Lucy's will-power under hypnotic treatment, he discharges the hypnotist and appeals to the girl herself to break the evil spell that seems to be over her. He tells her that the power of a curse lies in "our belief in its power," and he adjures her by her love to him to defy the curse and be herself once more. She yields to his argument, and the story has a happy ending. At the close are these striking words:

"Hope! It is the only true physician. There is no evil it may not conquer, for, where it cannot destroy the disease, it can destroy the fear that makes the disease fearful. It is the one prophecy that is always the

beginning of its own fulfilment. It is the one universal possession, and 'the miserable have no other medicine.' No man is utterly lost who has not lost hope. No ship is a derelict, though abandoned by her crew, while one living soul remains on board. Ideas are eternal and immortal, omnipresent and omnipotent, and Hope is the father of all ideas that have comforted and sustained and strengthened and governed us since the beginning of the world."

Our vicious pessimism has taught us to look upon hope as a misleading will-o'-the-wisp that brings us inevitably to the slough of disappointment. Mrs. Carlyle's witty beatitude, "Blessed are those who expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed," is an expression of the almost universal distrust of hope. We follow our despairs and our fears, and our end is that of the miser who killed himself for fear of the poor-house, and whose dead body was found lying across his bags of silver and gold. In the midst of boundless opulence we die from the fear of poverty; in the midst of health-giving influences we feed our souls and bodies on the thought of disease till health cannot stay with us; in the midst of life that we might have "more abundantly" if we would only take it, we fix our minds steadfastly on death until we draw it to us, while under and over and around our dead bodies is the opulence of the universe. This wealth consists of life, health, and happiness—all that the soul of man could desire. Nothing but fear keeps us from these blessings, and hope alone can guide us to them.

ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

"PEACE; BE STILL!"

"The Infinite always is silent;
It is only the Finite speaks;
Our words are the idle wave-caps
On a deep that never breaks.
We question with wand of science—
Explain, decide, and discuss;
But only in meditation
The mystery speaks to us."

— *James Boyle O'Reilly.*

Solomon says that there is a time to speak and a time to be silent. In this busy, pushing, Western world, few know how to

dwell in the great Empire of Silence, and to draw therefrom the treasures held in store. Meditation and reverie are of practical use—a fact well understood by the philosophers of the Orient, but rarely realized by Western civilization. It seemed very strange to the Hindu Brahmins who visited us during the World's Fair, that our people were apparently unable to keep still. These Orientals, accustomed to sitting for hours without moving a muscle, and so wrapped in meditation as to be oblivious of the physical, were astonished at the restless movement and flutter in our churches, even during the short periods of prayer.

Nothing appeals to the Western mind that is not "practical;" and it is only from this stand-point that we speak regarding "the silence." Its beauties, treasures, and mysteries are infinite, and once to enter this realm is to become a devotee forever. To enter is not easy, however, especially if one is a denizen of a noisy city, where the loud throb of life and industry never ceases; but by practice and concentration we can surely reach the silent realm, even from the midst of a busy mart.

More than ever before do we as a nation need this refuge. Nervous diseases are rapidly increasing. Neurasthenia (unknown to our grandparents) numbers its victims by the hundred. To get away from the noise and bustle in a second, and without moving the body, is a boon indeed. Does not the society woman, the financier, the humble toiler—all with nerves a-quiver from over-exertion—crave this great peace? And to all it is free! Enter, and in the shadow of the Infinite, where the great silence broods, there is absolute rest. There, close to the Eternal, toils and trials sink into insignificance. Burdens lighten and sword-thrusts become as the sting of insects. Mysteries that the tired brain refused to solve reveal themselves. Hitherto hidden paths lie open. Good and evil are clearly discerned, and we emerge with renewed force.

Our energies are spent for ourselves and others. The store must be replenished or we become depleted; Jesus himself set us the example. He often retired from the multitude to pray—to draw to himself new power from the Infinite Source of all life, strength, and knowledge. To all I would say: Stop the dead run, and your progress will be faster, whatever path you pursue. Seek for half an hour each day this silent kingdom. Draw from its

treasures, and you will say with Carlyle: "Silence! the great empire of silence! It alone is great; all else is small."

It is in thought, not deed, that force lies. Truly, "speech is silver but silence is golden." Let us withdraw from the tumult to rest and think. The great ones of the world are not all brawlers. There are silent ones who set in motion mightier forces than were ever stirred by the most persuasive eloquence. Enter, then, the holy temple, and keep silent before the Lord!

ADELAIDE E. REED.

RABIA.

[*Written in 1845 by Richard Monckton Milnes.*]

I.

A pious friend one day of Rabia asked
  How she had learnt the truth of Allah wholly;
By what instructions was her memory tasked—
  How was her heart estranged from this world's folly?

She answered: "Thou, who knowest God in parts,
  Thy spirit's moods and processes can tell;
I only know that in my heart of hearts
  I have despised myself and loved Him well."

II.

Some evil upon Rabia fell;
And one who loved and knew her well
Murmured that God with pain undue
Should strike a child so fond and true;
But she replied: "Believe and trust
That all I suffer is most just;
I had in contemplation striven
To realize the joys of heaven;
I had extended fancy's flights
Through all that region of delights—
Had counted, till the numbers failed,
The pleasures on the blest entailed—
Had sounded the ecstatic rest
I should enjoy on Allah's breast;
And for those thoughts I now atone,
That were something of my own,
And were not thoughts of Him alone."

III.

When Rabia unto Mekkeh came,
She stood awhile apart—alone;
Nor joined the crowd, with hearts on flame,
Collected round the Sacred Stone.

She, like the rest, with toil had crossed
The waves of water, rock and sand;
And now, as one long tempest-tossed,
Beheld the Kaabeh's promised land.

Yet in her eyes no transport glistened;
She seemed with shame and sorrow bowed;
The shouts of prayer she hardly listened,
But beat her heart and cried aloud:

"O heart! weak follower of the weak,
That thou should'st traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee!"

IV.

Round holy Rabia's suffering bed
The wise men gathered gazing gravely;
"Daughter of God!" the younger said,
"Endure thy Father's chastening bravely.
They that have steeped their souls in prayer
Can every anguish calmly bear."

She answered not, and turned aside,
Though not reproachfully nor sadly:
"Daughter of God!" the eldest cried,
"Sustain thy Father's chastening gladly.
They that have learned to pray aright,
From pain's dark well draw up delight."

Then she spoke out: "Your words are fair;
But oh! the truth lies deeper still.
I know not, when absorbed in prayer,
Pleasure or pain, or good or ill:
They that God's face can understand
Feel not the motions of His hand."

THE WORLD OF THOUGHT

WITH EDITORIAL COMMENT.

MUNICIPAL CONTROL OF CONSUMPTIVES.

The New York Board of Health has taken steps toward placing all victims of pulmonary tuberculosis, whether public or private cases, under official direction and regulation; that is, on the ground of the alleged infectiousness of consumption, its victims are to be segregated like those of leprosy and small-pox. This violation of personal liberty and attempted supervision of family doctors has called forth emphatic protests from many physicians of prominence, who hold that their judgment and advice are sufficient for the protection of their patients' relatives and friends from contagion. While subscribing to the "bacteriological" theory of its cause, they offer a variety of reasons for dissenting from the proposed legislation regarding this prevalent malady.

Continual experiments along orthodox lines, in the effort to discover a remedy in materia medica, have thus far failed to reduce the death-rate of consumptives below the annual mortality of thirteen thousand in New York State alone. Almost every year witnesses the invention of some new specific, which is invariably cast aside as public confidence begins to wane. Naturally this result is to be expected from a science that alters its facts and changes its conclusions every few years; but, if the "tubercle bacillus" is the sole cause of consumption and the vehicle of its transmission, the Board of Health is at least consistent in the desire to exercise police authority over its victims.

While we indorse the position of the protesting physicians, yet our motives differ widely from those already referred to. A liberal amount of official advertising is all that is necessary to render any disease epidemic. Arouse a proper degree of apprehension in the public mind concerning any form of sickness, and it at once becomes contagious. This loud-voiced recognition, on the part of official guardians of the public health—

coupled with minute descriptions of symptoms and gloomy forebodings of the results sure to follow every failure to observe elaborate precautions —always plants the seed of fear in ignorant minds. Such a mental state expresses itself on the body just as inevitably as joy, sorrow, anger, or any other emotion seeks outward manifestation. No malady ever assumes the form of a plague until *fright* dominates the populace—and municipal control almost invariably has this result.

The following utterances are quoted from a paper on this subject by Thomas C. Craig, M.D., read recently before the National Sanitary Association in Brooklyn: "Wherever you find civilization you will find cases of consumption." The converse of this proposition is equally true and far more significant. "Whole families have been carried off by one of their number having contracted this disease." Naturally, because theirs was the loss, as well as the greater apprehension and deeper sympathy. "No child was ever born with consumption." And yet its alleged hereditary transmission is a cardinal doctrine of the orthodox schools! Dr. Craig concludes his paper by asking: "Why are some persons immune while others are non-immune?" Simply because all do not *think* alike. Different habits of mind are the cause of all other marks of distinction between individuals.

Popular alarm should be minimized by holding up the light of truth instead of expatiating upon the imaginary terrors of darkness.

* * *

THE SEARCH.

I searched through strange pathways and winding
For truths that should lead me to God;
But farther away seemed the finding
With every new by-road I trod.

I searched after wisdom and knowledge—
They fled me, the fiercer I sought.
For teacher and text-book and college
Gave only confusion of thought.

I sat while the silence was speaking
And chanced to look into my soul.
I found there all things I was seeking—
My spirit encompassed the whole.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE DUAL EGO.

The relation of man to Nature will never be understood so long as we conceive the subject to be absorbed in the person of consciousness; nor will the definition of man ever be reached if the ego above the threshold of sensibility is held to be alone existent, and the delusion survive that an exhaustive account of man can be given by physiological psychology. Man is like those stars (e.g., Procyon) that with an obscure companion are united into a double star, and describe an ellipse about a common point of gravity. Now, if one only holds the clear star for actual, and recognizes only those lines of gravitation which bind it to the centre of attraction of the Milky Way, its motion becomes a mystery which is first solved when one admits also the further lines of gravitation which are directed to the dark companion star. So also he who will be a monist—who will conceive man and Nature together—must take into consideration the dark companion of our conscious ego, the ego which lies beneath the threshold of sensibility. It is the insight that between us and Nature there exists a more comprehensive rapport than that of the five senses that first puts us on the right foundation for seeking the solution of the human problem; but whoever neglects our occult companion, and pursues physiological psychology, resembles an astronomer who would explain the motions of Procyon by the central sun.—*Carl du Prel.*

* * *

We have but one tireless Friend, who, though forsaken, forsaketh not; who, throughout long neglect, standeth at hand, waiting but a call to lighten our hearts of their burdens. His memory doth not fail. When thy friends abandon thee, when they ask of thee a price for their friendship thou canst not pay, this Friend stands as forever unshaken and ready. Yet, oh! my brother, if in thy loneliness thou turnest to the faithful One, forget not that he standeth also by those who do not stand by thee. Behind them he is hidden. Then turn not thy face from their sight, lest thou shouldst lose the vision of this thy Comforter and Companion. His homes are not numbered. He answereth thy cry from strange places, though thou callest him from out the chamber of thy heart.—*Che-Yew-Tsang.*

* * *

In order to know anything it is necessary to love it first, to desire it, and to become in sympathy with it. The truth which nature and the universe embody is a sealed book to him who loves it not. His knowledge, or rather his conception of knowledge, whatever pretension it may have to being scientific, is mean, superficial, small, and serving only for the uses of the day. The man who loves not the eternal truth will never know it; and, as knowing is possessing, he will be poor, ignorant, blind, and naked.—*Alexander Wilder, M.D.*

ALASKA'S WONDERFUL PLAINS.

The most wonderful mirages ever beheld by mortal eyes are those that are seen in the twilight winter days in Northern Alaska. These remarkable, ghastly pictures of things, both imaginary and real, are mirrored on the surface of the waste plains instead of upon the clouds or in the atmosphere. Mimic lakes and water-courses fringed with vegetation are to be seen pictured as real as life on the surface of the snow, while grassy mounds, stumps, trees, logs, etc., which have an actual existence some place on the earth's surface, are outlined against mountains of snow in all kinds of fantastic shapes. Some of these objects are distorted and magnified into the shapes of huge, ungainly animals and reptiles of enormous proportions. The fogs and mists are driven across these wastes by the winds, and, as the objects referred to loom up in the flying vapors, they appear like living creatures, and seem to be actually moving rapidly across the plain. At other times they appear high in the air, but this is a characteristic of the northern mirages that are seen near the seashore. When the vapors and mists are driven out to sea the images mirrored in them appear to be lunging through the waters at a terrific rate of speed, dashing the spray high in the air, while huge breakers roll over them and onward toward the mountainous islands beyond, and against which they all appear to be dashing. Monstrous serpents, apparently several hundred feet long, sometimes with riders on their backs, men on horseback thirty to fifty feet in height, animals and birds of all kinds of horrible shapes and colors, seem to be scurrying past, racing and chasing each other, until they are lost in the twilight fogs or dashed to pieces upon the rocky islands mentioned above, and which are twenty miles out at sea.—*St. Louis Republic.*

* * *

Wise indeed is he who finds his teacher everywhere—in stone and star and scroll, in man and child, in the present and the past, in boundless Nature. Who would exile Life from any point in space? Is there an atom that is not conscious? And is there not motion and that which moves, both in ourselves and everywhere without? The fall of a leaf, the chance word of friend or foe—both show us the workings of forces that, as the agents of Law, might help in the downfall of nations. We must interpret other minds by ours; but we must learn to understand our own by those around us. Mind is something more than our own mind. Only a fool in his pride will think that "that man" at any rate can teach him nothing. There is naught existing from which we have not much to learn.—*The Path.*

* * *

Think not that with the day thy work is done:
Through all the night thou'rt moving toward the sun.

—*Charles B. Newcomb.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

PISTIS SOPHIA; a Gnostic Gospel. Translated by G. R. S. Mead, B.A. 394 pp. Cloth, $2.50. The Theosophical Publishing Society, publishers, London, England.

In these days of the "higher criticism," with its merciless analysis of original Scripture, much light would doubtless be thrown on the New Testament by an unprejudiced study of Gnosticism. This philosophy, which reached a flourishing maturity in the second century of the Christian era, but became virtually extinct in the sixth, taught that all natures —intellectual, moral, spiritual, and material—are successive emanations from Deity. Its professors claimed to have an esoteric and philosophic knowledge of Christian doctrines, and some modern scholars assert that the Gospels are replete with allusions to the Gnostic teaching. Although it is now fashionable to dismiss the Syrian and Egyptian schools as a fantastic combination of Oriental mysticism, Greek philosophy, and Christian theology, yet it is probable that a profound interest will be awakened among reasoning Christians by "Pistis Sophia." The work was originally translated from the Greek into Coptic, and the present volume is Englished from Schwartze's Latin version. The translator, who is a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, has prefaced the work with an elaborate and valuable introduction.

ROYAL HEARTS. By Alwyn M. Thurber. 397 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Authors' Publishing Company, publishers, Chicago.

This is an interesting addition to the long series of "problem novels" to which most writers of fiction are devoting themselves nowadays. It deals with the marriage question—a topic that is happily enlisting the attention of moralists to a degree commensurate with its importance in the present decade. The chaotic state of the marriage and divorce laws of this and other countries calls for radical attention from those invested with their regulation; but too often there is a painful need of individual instruction on the use and abuse of matrimony. "Royal Hearts" goes far toward supplying this want. Though drawn out to a tedious length, the work contains many valuable hints, and no thinking person can read it without being aroused to earnest and profitable thought. It is especially helpful to those about to enter the married state, and will doubtless have a wide circulation.

TRUE MEMORY. By Mrs. Calvin Kryder Reifsnider. 137 pp. Cloth, $1.25. The Arena Publishing Company, publishers, Boston.

The sub-title of this work is "The Philosopher's Stone: its Loss Through Adam, its Recovery Through Christ." It is in some respects a remarkable book, having been put forth as a "revelation made to its author supplementary to and explanatory of the Bible record." It is beautifully illustrated, and even as a study in subconscious mentality it is very suggestive. Its main purpose is to show that Divine "wrath" is an illusion; that famine, pestilence, ferocious beasts, and other so-called "visitations of Providence" are really products of the minds of ignorant and vicious members of the human race. God is revealed in a light that differs materially from that which emanates from the average pulpit, and Man is shown as a perfect spiritual being whose alleged "fall" in Adam is merely his embodiment in the flesh. The dire effects of perverted thought are logically portrayed, and the only criticism we have to make is that the work is much too short.

THE AWAKENING TO THE SELF. Translated by Charles Johnston, M.R.A.S., from Shankara Acharya's "Atma Bodha." 31 pp. Paper, 50 cents. Published by the author, New York. [For sale by The Metaphysical Publishing Company.]

Shankara Acharya was not only a practical reformer and the writer of a series of standard commentaries on the Greater Upanishads, the Bhagavad Gita, and the Brahma Sutras, but was also the author of many works on the Vedanta philosophy in both prose and verse. Perhaps the best of these is the "Atma Bodha," of which Mr. Johnston has made an English translation direct from the original Sanskrit. It contains, in concentrated form, the wisdom gained from a deep study of the old sacred scriptures of India, set forth in a series of verses, each of which is in itself a poem. Their vivid imagery is suggestive of many of the parables of Jesus. "The Awakening to the Self" cannot fail to impart to the intelligent reader a clear comprehension of the best Oriental thought and a profound understanding of many problems of human life.

BEYOND. By Henry Seward Hubbard. 179 pp. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 25 cents. The Arena Publishing Company, publishers, Boston.

This little book will delight especially students of psychic phenomena. Investigators of the occult realm will find in these interesting pages much to confirm their belief in the hidden wonders of spirit. The narrative is intended to encourage a rational pursuit of the different phases of soul-development, the study of which is attracting the attention of thinkers and scientists everywhere. While leaning somewhat toward the spiritualistic hypothesis—in the apparent absence of one more plausible—yet the author's conclusions are generally logical. They are based on experience

and candidly stated. Not all of Mr. Hubbard's views, however, will gain acceptance by advanced students, though they display a refreshing lack of that dogmatism which so often characterizes works of this class. A striking and suggestive allegory, written by this author, appears in this issue of The Metaphysical Magazine.

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OTHER NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HUMAN AURA. By A. Marques, S.D. 76 pp. Paper, 40 cents. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

BASIC STATEMENTS AND HEALTH TREATMENT OF TRUTH. By M. E. Cramer. 53 pp. Cloth, 50 cents. Fifth edition, revised. Published by the author, San Francisco, Cal.

AN OLD SUBJECT IN A NEW LIGHT. By Dr. Charles Houghton. 74 pp. Paper, 25 cents. Published by the author, Batavia, N. Y.

THE LABOR ANNUAL FOR 1897. Edited by Joseph Edwards. 272 pp. Paper, one shilling. The Labor Press, publishers, Tib street, Manchester, England.

THE QUESTION; a Reply to "What are the Doctrines of the New Church?" By B. F. Barrett. 144 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Published by the Swedenborg Publishing Association, Germantown, Pa.

WORKS BY J. H. DEWEY, M.D.: "The Open Door," second edition; paper, 50 cents. "Sons of God and Brothers of Christ;" paper, 25 cents. "Regeneration;" paper, 15 cents. "True Illumination;" paper, 15 cents. Published by the J. H. Dewey Publishing Company, New York.

HOW THE STATE MAY PREVENT PREMATURE BURIAL. By Edward Conner. 14 pp. Paper, 5s. per hundred. E. W. Allen, publisher, 4 Ave Maria Lane, London, E. C., England.

FAITH AND WORKS; or, Christ and Jesus. By George B. Charles. 19 pp. Paper, 15 cents. Illinois Metaphysical College, publishers, Masonic Temple, Chicago.

BUSINESS SUCCESS THROUGH MENTAL ATTRACTION. By Dr. Charles W. Close. 10 pp. Paper, 10 cents. Published by the author, Bangor, Me.

POWERS OF CO-OPERATIVE THOUGHT. By Simoolye. 21 pp. Paper, 15 cents. (Occult Science Library, No. 1.) F. M. Harley Publishing Co., publishers, Chicago.

THE PRABUDDHA BHARATA; or, Awakened India. (Monthly.) Per annum, 4s. Published at Mylapur, Madras, India.